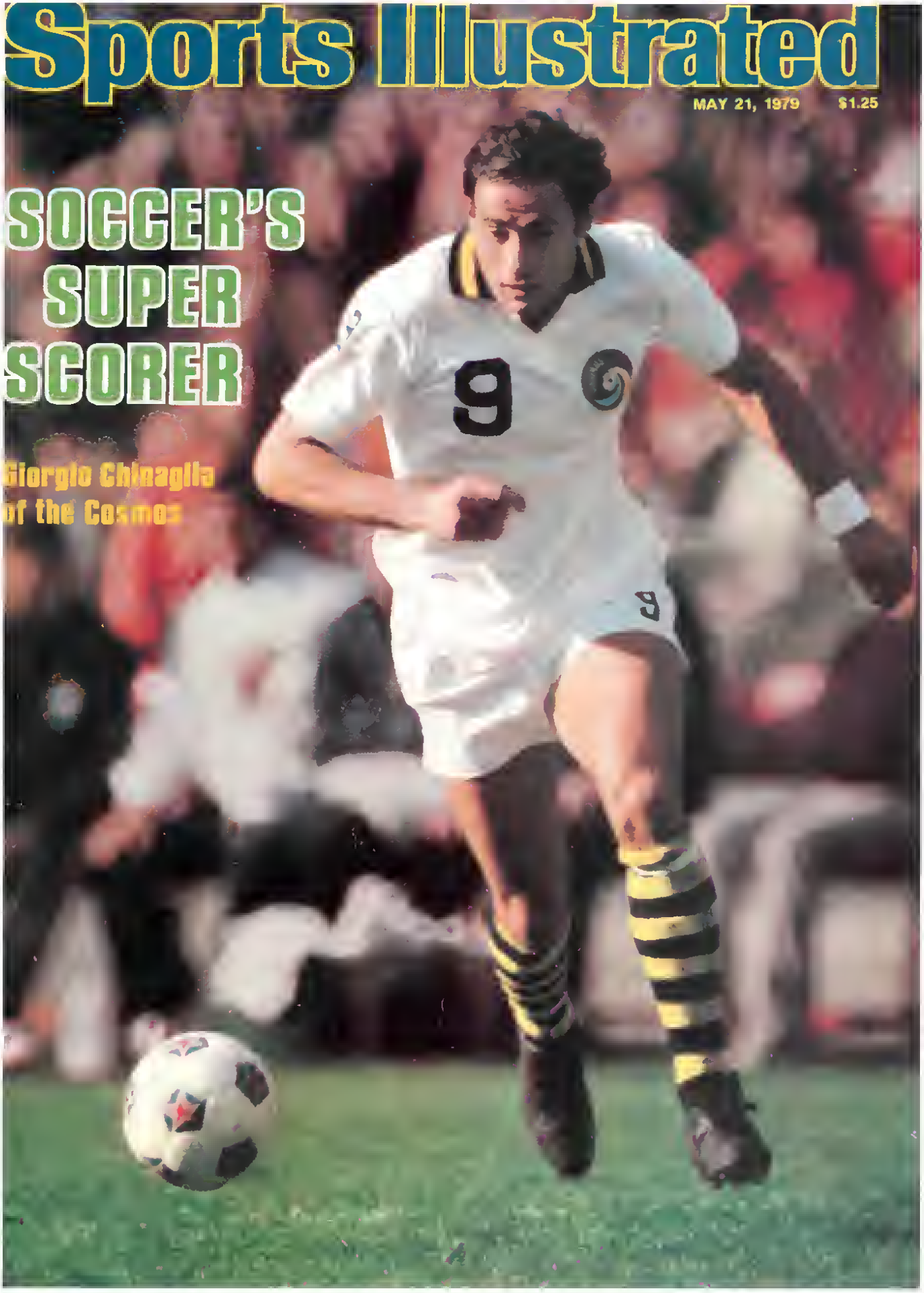
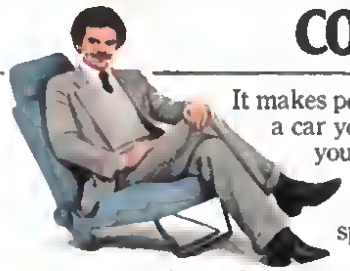
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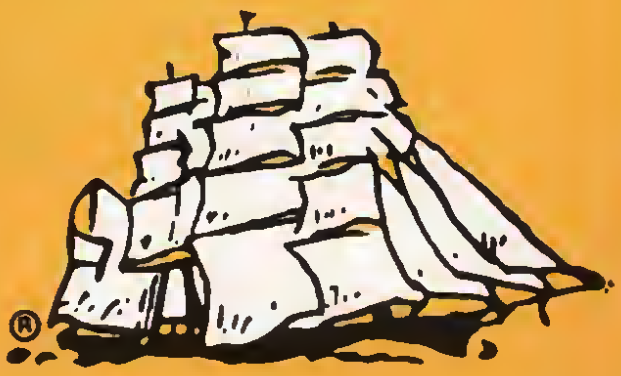
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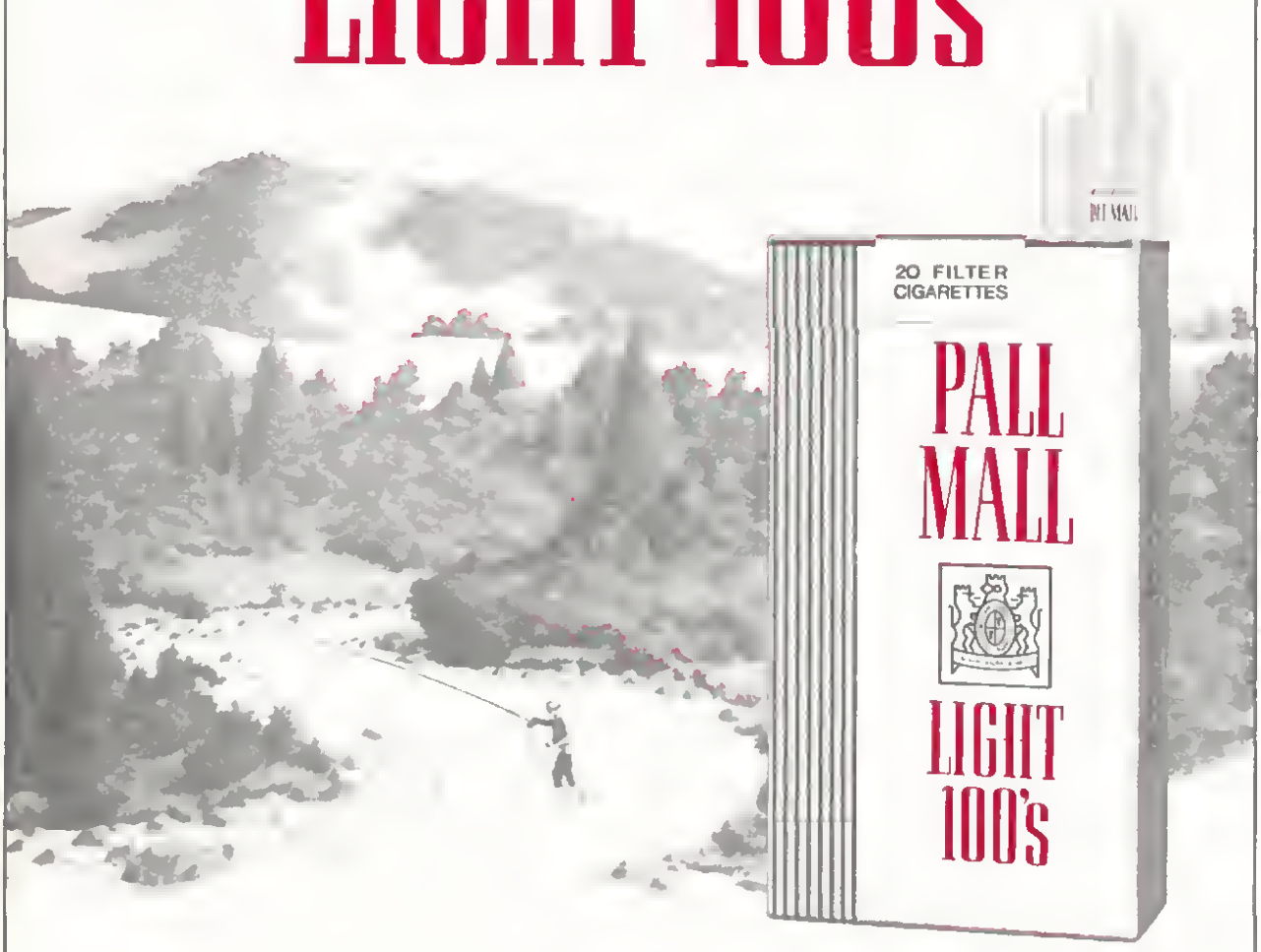
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Next Week

THE WORLD'S GREATEST softball pitcher is 37-year-old lefthander Ty Stofflet, whose 104-mph fastball gets opposing batters out almost every time. But, writes Jack McCallum, there's no getting Stofflet out of the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

CHAMPING AT THE BIT is Pete Ashlock, who is aching to have a world champ. To that end, the maverick Texan spends more than he makes at his Orlando fight club, which features hopefuls such as Mad Dog Ross. Douglas S. Looney reports.

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WASHINGTON

August 9, 1974

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2ND PRIZE 8-Day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two	**2ND PRIZE** 8-Day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two
3RD PRIZE 10 Panasonic AM, FM, CB Units	**3RD PRIZE** 10 Panasonic AM, FM, CB Units
4TH PRIZE 500 Ronrico "2 Ways to Go" Beach Towels	**4TH PRIZE** 500 Ronrico "2 Ways to Go" Beach Towels

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2 Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be properly completed addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 31 1979 to be eligible Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries by Frederick Siebel Associates an independent judging organization whose decisions are final No purchase required

3 Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1979 Ford Van and $5 000 to customize and or decorate it The two second prize winners will each receive a 7 night 8 day trip for two to San Juan Puerto Rico including air fare hotel accommodations and $200 in cash The 20 third prize winners will receive a Panasonic AM FM CB Unit The 4000 fourth prize winners will receive a Ronrico 2 Ways to Go Beach Towel

Prizes are non transferable

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6 Entrants must be of legal drinking age of the laws of their home state

7 A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped self addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List PO Box 8266 St Paul Minnesota 55182

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

ANCIENT GREEKS AND MODERN YANKS CONTRIBUTE TO FINE BASEBALL FICTION

"The whole history of baseball," Bernard Malamud has said, "has the quality of mythology." Indeed it does, with its legendary heroes, epic contests and ineradicable statistics, and few writers have used it more fruitfully than Malamud himself His first novel, *The Natural*, published in 1952, is a classic of baseball fiction with heavy, but scarcely solemn, mythic overtones Leaving aside its considerable intrinsic merit, the novel would be important if for no other reason than that it was the first to demonstrate that baseball can produce fiction that transcends mere entertainment.

Now a notable and surprising new novel comes along to emphasize the point Jerome Charyn's *The Seventh Babe* (Arbor House, $9 95). It is notable because it is a serious piece of work that also manages to be thoroughly engaging, it is surprising because it comes from a rather unlikely source, a writer heretofore identified with the literary avant-garde whose readership has been limited

In *The Seventh Babe*, Charyn manages to have his cake and eat it too With its clear references to Greek myth and drama, it carries enough weighty baggage to fit in comfortably with the rest of Charyn's work But it is also an entirely delightful story, even if you think Sophocles was some guy who played third base for the 1917 St Louis Browns

The "Seventh Babe" of the title is Babe Ragland, a skinny kid who shows up at the Boston Red Sox training camp in the spring of 1923 and identifies himself as an orphan from Baltimore Six "Babes" have preceded him—Ruth, Adams, Winters, Pinelli, LeJeune, Chicote—and he is a most unlikely seventh a lefthanded third baseman of no immediately discernible skills

Yet he catches the eye of the manager, Briggs Josephson, and goes north with the club Thereupon begins a wild and quite wonderful journey The kid becomes a whirling dervish at third, and the collection of castoffs that are the Boston team make an improbable run for the top Soon it is discovered that Ragland is no Ruthian Baltimore orphan but "Cedric Tannehill," the son of a copper millionaire, but the fans love him anyway "The crowd paid its money to see Boston's lefthanded wonder at third, the kid who liked to invent fables about himself"

Eventually the team slides back to the bottom of the standings, and Babe himself begins to slide He makes a bad marriage to the lusciously predatory Iva Cottonmouth and suddenly he becomes baseball's bad boy, angrily attacking teammates and opponents alike. Finally he is suckered by a gambler and ends up on the carpet before Judge Landis

"Landis had teethmarks on his cuffs, they were bitten and frayed His high collar had gone yellow against his scrawny neck He was a small frail man in a musty suit The emperor of baseball clutched an old cane with rubber bands around the nob If he flicked the rubber bands it was a sign that he was getting impatient with you He had a sharp beak, lots of silver hair, and a bulge in his jaw The son of a bitch was chewing tobacco at Rags' inquisition"

Ragland is chucked out of organized baseball, but he goes on playing with a black barnstorming troupe He is a child out of myth, the embodiment of eternal youth and innocence. "He was leather, air and horsehide on a ball He was knickers and dirty brown grass He couldn't live apart from a baseball diamond He was married to a fifty-cent glove" The years pass by but his skills scarcely fade he roams the American landscape with his ragged band, playing the game for the sheer and inexpressible joy of it

Charyn has read his Doctorow as well as his Sophocles; like *Ragtime*, *The Seventh Babe* calls forth nostalgia and evokes real and imaginary figures from the not-so-distant past with a whimsically elegiac tone. This is not to suggest however, that it is imitative or derivative Though it does disclose debts to other baseball fiction, *The Natural* in particular, it stands quite securely on its own *The Seventh Babe* contains many more characters and themes than can be mentioned in this space, and although it drifts and sags a bit once Babe is exiled to vagabond ball, on balance it hangs together nicely

Had *The Seventh Babe* come along a year or two earlier, doubtless an excerpt from it would have found a place in *Fielder's Choice An Anthology of Baseball Fiction* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12 95), edited by the experienced Chicago baseball writer Jerome Holtzman This collection of 27 short stories and excerpts from novels cannot be ignored by any baseball fan who happens also to be a student of American literature—or vice versa

The selection of pieces is authoritative and comprehensive All one hopes to find in any collection on baseball fiction is here, from H Allen Smith's "Rhubarb" to James Thurber's "You Could Look It Up" to Irwin Shaw's "Voices of a Summer Day" So, too, are selections that reveal Holtzman's critical discernment excerpts, for example, from novels by Mordecai Richler, John Sayles and Robert Coover I suspect that *Fielder's Choice* will find its way not merely into the libraries of baseball fans but also onto the reading lists of courses in American literature **END**

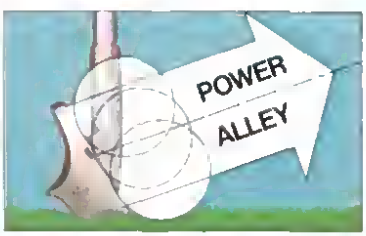
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Shopwalk

by WILMER AMES

ON LAKE OR SEA, THE AQUASCOOTER CAN BE A GREAT GETAWAY VEHICLE

Escaping from East Germany has taxed the ingenuity of many people. Some have crashed their way through the Berlin Wall, others have been smuggled out in car trunks or secret compartments, while still others have jumped from excursion steamers, hoping to reach the nearest friendly shore or ship. In 1968, 28-year-old Bernd Böttger, a former engineering student from Dresden, invented one of the most unusual getaway devices—a 22-pound, torpedo-shaped scooter designed to pull a man along just under or on the surface of the water. And, with luck, out of sight of the East German border patrol.

At first, Böttger proved low on luck. During a trial run in the Baltic Sea, he was picked up by the patrol and held in custody for 11 months. His scooter was confiscated. When he was finally released, Böttger returned to his lab and wasted no time in building another. A year later, the wet suit-clad inventor again slipped into the chilly waters of the Baltic. Traveling in darkness and using the stars to guide him, Böttger and his scooter took five hours to reach the safety of the Danish lightship *Gedser*, which rode at anchor some 15 miles from where he had begun his journey.

Today Böttger's scooter is for sale to anyone seeking more frivolous forms of adventure. After seven years of research and refinement, the invention has been trimmed to an easily maneuverable 14.3 pounds, including a submersible gasoline engine that propels the scooter through the water at speeds up to five miles per hour. The AquaScooter, as Böttger's machine is now called, sells for less than $300 and can be used for everything from snorkeling to powering a 17-foot sailboat (with an optional boat bracket). Last year some 70 Japanese enthusiasts even raced their AquaScooters over a 5.4-mile, open-sea course. It took the winner just over an hour.

The red, yellow and blue plastic AquaScooter, which looks like a small canister vacuum cleaner, is only 20.5 inches long and has its own carrying case. It is easily operated by anyone capable of running a lawnmower. Body English steers the scooter through the water, and if it should slip from the operator's hands, the floating craft will slowly run in circles until retrieved.

Altogether, it's a great escape vehicle for anyone who loves the water—be it lake, sea or backyard pool. For more details write: AquaScooter, Inc., 43 Commerce Street, Springfield, N.J. 07081. **END**

tech talk:

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explained.

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Out on the Indy track on Memorial Day, leading 33 of the world's quickest cars, will be four specially prepared versions of the quickest high-performance road tire Goodyear has ever developed:

The new Wingfoot Radial.

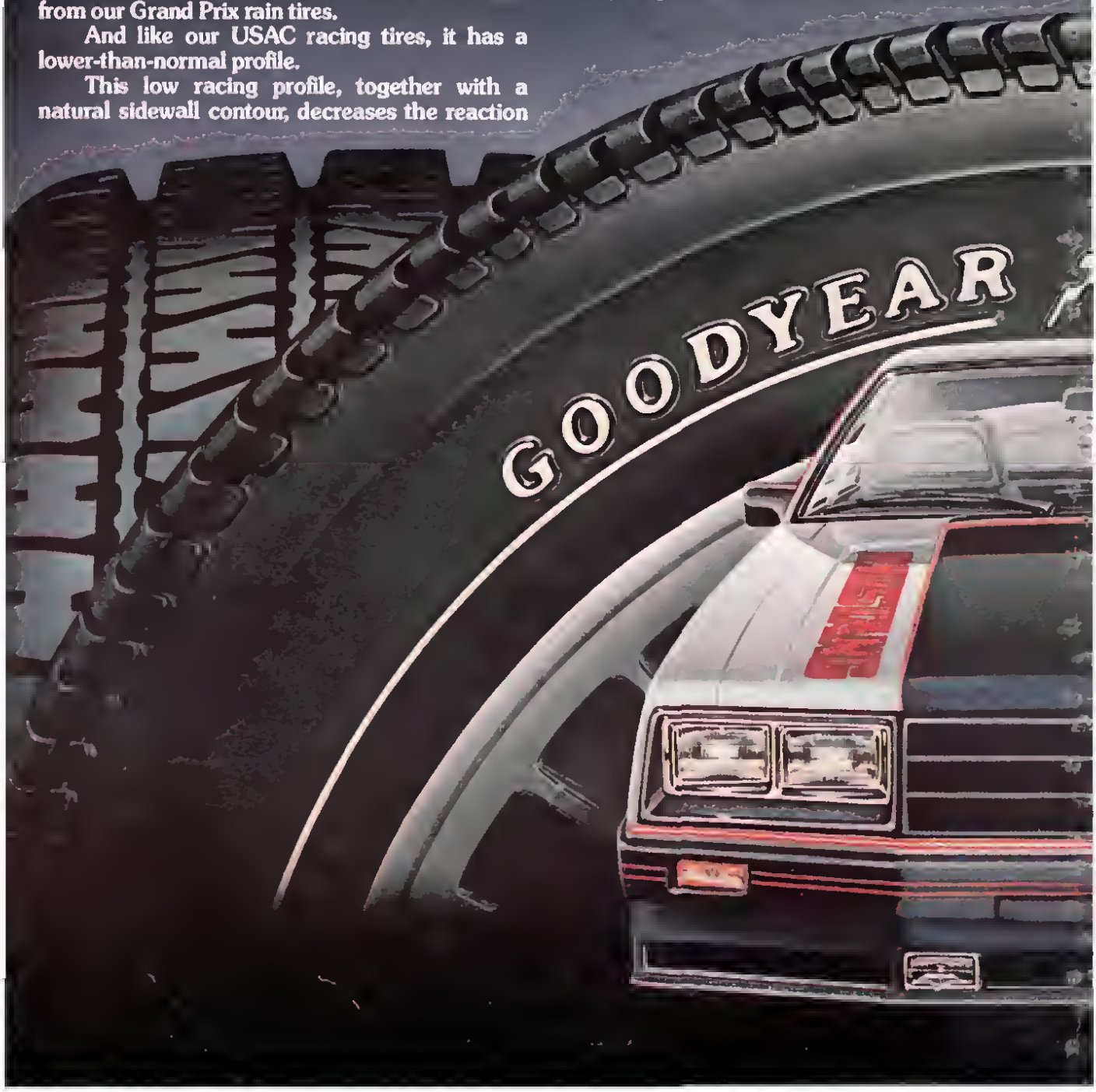
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Congratulations to the newest member of the Massachusetts Racing Commission and to the latest basketball recruit signed by Southern Methodist. If their names are any indication, Robert J. Furlong and Ollie Hoops should enjoy great success. A tip of the hat, too, to Cornerback John Outlaw, who is retiring from the Eagles to work on his master's degree in criminal justice.

And three big cheers for a pitcher-outfielder for DeKalb High in Waterloo, Ind. who hit two homers and pitched a 16–2 victory in the first game of a doubleheader against Southside High of Fort Wayne, and then slammed two more homers and a bases-loaded single to help account for a 13–3 win in the nightcap, giving him nine RBIs for the day. Attaboy, Ty Cobbs.

And let's hear it for a 3-year-old filly who won her first race at Penn National, which had to close down for a day during the crisis at nearby Three Mile Island. Her name? Melt Down.

JOE DUMP

Is a racing greyhound with the improbable name of Joe Dump the greatest in history? Last week at Greenetrack in Eutaw, Ala., Joe Dump equaled the record of 27 straight wins set by Real Huntsman in 1951, and a lot of the Greenetrack fans, who have dubbed themselves "Dumpsters," think Joe Dump is the best ever.

Named after his owner, Joe Fallon, a former bulldozer operator, Joe Dump is just a shade over two, yet he already has racked up 36 wins, four seconds and one third in 44 starts. He won his 27 straight in only 172 days, while it took Real Huntsman 427 days. Quick out of the box from any hole, Joe Dump has led all the way in his last 15 races. His average margin of victory during the streak has been six lengths, and nine lengths in his last 10 starts. After every win, he receives two marshmallows as a reward. His admirers include Bear Bryant, whose son, Paul Jr., is the general manager of Greenetrack.

Still there are those who sneer at Joe when they compare his record with that of Real Huntsman. Real Huntsman raced over seven tracks and at four distances. Joe Dump has run only at two tracks, Pensacola and Greenetrack, and, moreover, all his races have been at a single distance, 5/16ths of a mile. "There was 20 times more fanfare made over my dog than over Joe Dump," says Gene Randle, who owned Real Huntsman and who lives in Alabama. "I flew him all over the country. He went to visit people in hospitals, was on TV several times and was a regular on the banquet circuit. When we went to banquets, he always sat next to me. When I got on airplanes, he sat in the next seat. He had his picture made with more airline stewardesses than any animal in history. It was a real mess. I got sick of it."

STABLE STABLE

Wobbler syndrome is a spinal disease that afflicts about one of every 300 thoroughbreds. In a typical case, the bones that encase the spinal cord slip into each other, compressing and damaging the cord and causing the horse to lose control of his limbs. When the horse can no longer stand, he is destroyed. Until recently there was no remedy, but now, thanks to Dr. Barrie Grant, head of the Equine Division at Washington State's Department of Clinical Veterinary Medicine, Dr. Pamela Wagner, assistant professor, and Dr. George Bagby, a Spokane spinal surgeon, there is hope.

Asia Ruler, a promising 3-year-old colt, began to show symptoms of wobbles, a weaving and chopping stride, in training a year ago. Taken to Washington State at Pullman, he underwent a 2½-hour operation by Drs. Grant, Wagner and Bagby. After being given a general anesthetic, Asia Ruler was placed on his back, and the doctors operated through the base of his neck. Temporarily moving the windpipe to the side, the team fused the slipping vertebrae and corrected the condition. After recuperating for several months, Asia Ruler made his first start last November, and since then he has won twice in 11 races and finished second four times.

Following the surgery on Asia Ruler, Drs. Grant and Wagner operated on a number of other horses. One of them was Secret Intent, who was 1½ years old when he began to show symptoms. Now standing at stud at Washington State, the son of Secretariat will be covering a dozen mares who also underwent the spinal surgery, as the doctors seek to discover if wobbles is a genetic disease.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY

When the Maine senate received a bill to establish a special one-week deer season next December for hunters using muzzle-loading rifles, Senator Donald O'Leary proposed an amendment. Under his amendment, any muzzle-loading hunter would have to dress up like a Revolutionary War minuteman or wear a buckskin shirt and pants. And that wasn't all. The amendment required that "any person who shall wear the hunting apparel shall, during any time which he is hunting, be accompanied by a person beating a drum."



A number of O'Leary's fellow senators dismissed the amendment as frivolous, but last week O'Leary, who was opposed to the special season because deer would be yarding at the time and too easy to shoot, accomplished his purpose:

continued

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Randers 6
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All Points *

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All Points 75

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Sungei Renggam 3

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Talking tonnage or trysting with Tristan, keep the codes handy and use them when you want to call the world–fast!

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Bell System

the bill was killed in committee. O'Leary said with satisfaction, "I wanted to laugh it to death."

SAFE AT HOME

If the dispute between the umpires and the major leagues isn't settled, a Chicago group calling itself the Union of Mortified Protesting Spectators (UMPS), hopes that fans will stage a nationwide boycott of games this Sunday. "It has to be a real grass-roots movement," says Neil Tesser, who cofounded UMPS with a friend, Dave Jones. "We don't have any money to buy advertisements. We just hope people will hear about us through the papers and by word of mouth." The boycott has been dubbed Strike One, and if it doesn't work (and UMPS takes its lumps), the group will call for Strike Two and, if necessary, Strike Three. "Three strikes," says Jones, "and we move to Ecuador."

SHETLAND SPILLS

Spills at Sullum Voe in the Shetland Islands, the new terminal for Scotland's North Sea oil, have killed an estimated 7,000 birds in the past five months, among them the rare black guillemot and the northern diver. The estimates may be low because birds oiled at sea are rarely found, but of additional concern is what's happening to the unique Shetland sheep, one of the oldest breeds in the world and one whose natural diet is seaweed. A hundred sheep already have died from either ingesting oily seaweed or being trapped in slime and drowned by the incoming tide. Two thousand sheep have also had their precious wool, which is extraordinarily soft and light, ruined by oil. The sheep, which are never clipped but plucked by hand, are the mainstay of the Shetland knitwear industry, and as Ian Caldwell, managing director of Shetland Fashions, says, "We now have a potential disaster for the sheep and knitwear industry on our doorstep. Everyone was concerned about the effect of oil pollution on wildlife and the environment, but everybody forgot about the sheep."

BUST AND BOOM

The gas shortage in Los Angeles has struck hardest at the owners of motor homes and campers, which average six miles a gallon for older models and 10 to 12 for newer ones. "It's not the price of gasoline that's hurting sales, it's the uncertainty of supply," says John Stanton, L.A. vice-president for the Recreational Vehicle Industry Association. Manufacturers started cutting back last year when the turmoil began in Iran, and Stanton says that most of the 100 manufacturers on the West Coast are now temporarily closed so they can reassess the market.

"Right now the Southern California near-term perspective is dismal," reports Boyd Plowman, senior vice-president for finance for Fleetwood Enterprises, Inc., based in L.A. Fleetwood has closed three of its 30 factories to reduce inventories and laid off 280 workers in New York and Georgia. The company's sales for fiscal 1978, which ended April 29, are down 29% from the previous year.

With the larger vehicles in a slump, sales of mopeds, which can get 100 miles to the gallon, have flourished. Edouard de Truchis, general manager of Cycle Peugeot in the U.S., says April sales were up 25% from March nationwide, and May sales should double April's. "Three years ago, Americans were buying mopeds for pleasure and fun," he says. "Now people are finding they need them for transportation."

Dick Schroeder of Mopeds-A-Go-Go, a retail store near the International Airport, says his sales are up 500% in the past month. But, says Schroeder, there is one small problem: "I can't get gas for my truck to go to the warehouse."

AH, SO

A Japanese glove endorsed by Oriole Pitcher Mike Flanagan has been lettered "Franagan."

TALK, TALK, TALK

There's a lot of talk going around the major leagues that the 1979 season is a big one for home runs. "Some balls are just carrying way beyond what they should," says Pitcher Steve Stone of Baltimore. The talk prompted a spokesman for Rawlings, the company that makes baseballs for both leagues, to say, "Last year we had a strike at our plant in Haiti, and consequently a lot of baseballs were rushed into circulation without being properly inspected. As a result, there were baseballs being used that weren't up to specifications and probably did not travel the way they should.

"This year we have been better able to institute quality control. The result is that the balls are of uniformly better quality and will carry better."

Sounds logical, but the figures reveal no great differences from last season. In the first 146 games played in the American League this year, batters hit a homer every 41.14 times at bat, not that much of a statistical increase over a homer for every 42.53 at bats for the same number of games last year. And in the National League, the difference is almost as slight: 47.5, compared with 49.05.

But wait, there's more talk. The makeshift umpire crews, who have been blowing calls left and right, aren't giving the pitchers the proper strike zone, it is said, and so there are more bases on balls. "Walks are up all over the league," says Ray Miller, the pitching coach for the Orioles. Well, that's true. This season American League batters have walked every 8.83 times at bat, as opposed to 9.84 for the same period last year. But by contrast, in the National League batters are walking less, not more. The figures are a base on balls for every 10.12 at bats this season vs. 9.46 last year.

Maybe the coaches and players should buy pocket calculators.

BOTTOM OF THE CLASS

Which high school teachers get the most extra pay for extracurricular duties? Football coaches, according to a state survey by the Pennsylvania School Boards Association. They average $1,846 for their work outside the classroom, more, even, than athletic directors, who receive an extra $1,600 above their base pay as teachers. Next in line are boys' basketball coaches, $1,589; wrestling coaches, $1,430; track coaches, $1,058; soccer coaches, $1,056; and baseball and girls' basketball coaches, both of whom average $997. The top "non-athletic" extra pay goes to band advisers, who average $1,053. Yearbook advisers get $605 and drama advisers $568. Not much, but that beats department chairmen, who average only $480.

THEY SAID IT

- Tom Paciorek, Seattle left fielder, after striking out on three pitches against Yankee Ron Guidry: "Off what I saw of him, he was unhittable, unbeatable and unthinkable. I might have been more impressed if I had seen more of his stuff."
- Jeanne Austin, mother of 16-year-old tennis star Tracy: "When Tracy was eight, she would beat the best ladies at the tennis club in California, and then go over to the baby-sitting area and play in the sandbox." **END**



After 20 years of driving Volkswagens religiously, the Reverend Dr. Gray-Smith converted.

Converting the Rev. Dr. Gray-Smith didn't take a miracle. It took a Renault Le Car hatchback.

He chose it over Rabbit, Fiesta, Chevette, Civic, and Mazda.

Le Car's 41 estimated highway mpg, (26) estimated mpg* was one good reason. But "in addition to needing a practical, economical car," he wrote, "I wanted one with style and personality." Le Car was the answer to his prayers. "Never before have so many friends said, 'We like your new car.'"

Dr. Gray-Smith is particularly pleased with the handling that comes from front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, and Michelin steel-belted radials—a combination of features that no other car in Le Car's class is blessed with.

And when it comes to comfort, the retired minister doesn't have to preach Le Car's virtues to anyone. With the longest wheelbase in its class, Le Car has a smooth ride that *Car and Driver* calls "a new standard for small cars."

In addition to four-wheel independent suspension to ride *on*, there are comfortable front bucket seats (reclining in the Le Car Deluxe) to ride *in*. Surrounded by the kind of headroom and legroom you won't find in some luxury sedans.

The rear seats fold down to provide 96% more luggage space than Civic. And the hatchback opens all the way to the bumper.

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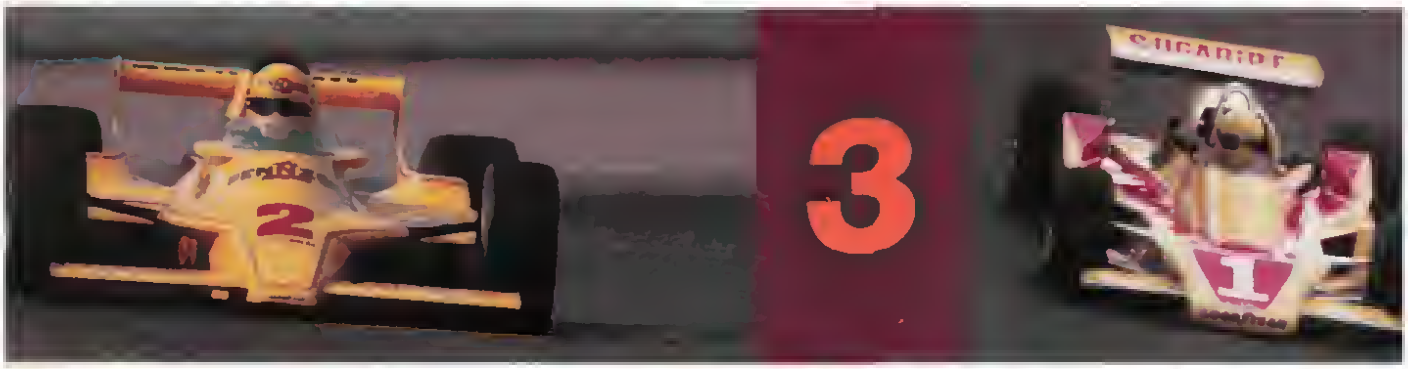
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MAY 21, 1979

GRABBING FRONT





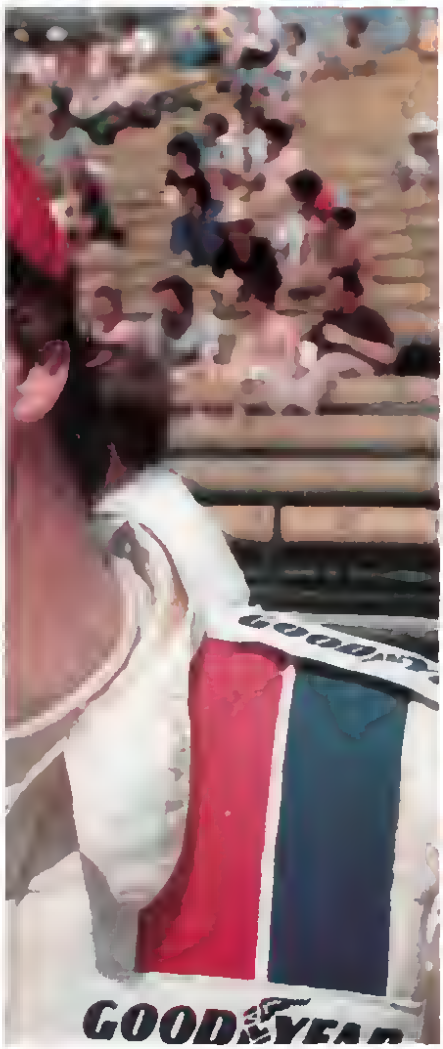


Defending champ Al Unser averagad 192 503 mph in his new Chaparral and will start third in tha 500. USAC points champion Tom Sneva had a hairy ride in

ROW SEATS

The acrimony abated in Indy car racing, and so did the rain, as qualifying set the stage for this year's 500—and at a far faster pace than anyone expected **by ROBERT F. JONES**







his McLaren to snag second at 192.998, and the pole went to last season's co-Rookie of the Year Rick Mears for his 193.736 trip in a Penske

CONTINUED

Normally, the month of May at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is a prolonged, high-octane Old Home Week. Drivers and crews, car owners and racing buffs hang around Gasoline Alley kicking tires, swapping lies and laying plans for that night's freewheeling forays into the boîtes and beer joints of "Nap Town." This year, though, has been anything but normal. Thanks to the unresolved conflict between the U.S. Automobile Club and the rival Championship Automobile Racing Teams organization, the aura of camaraderie has eroded into one of tribal war.

Last week, as the racers gathered for their qualification runs, many garage doors were buttoned as tight as missile silos. Men who had once been friends, teammates even, passed by one another like strangers, or in some cases buttonholed journalists to slam and slander the opposition. The ugliest incident involved Dick King, the affable, low-key president of USAC. In a story leaked to the *Indianapolis Star*, an "unnamed source" pointed out that back in 1957 King had spent nine months in a New York prison for financial shenanigans concerning an automobile dealership. King promptly tendered his resignation, which just as promptly was rejected by a 17–0 vote of the USAC board members present. "I feel like I've been the center of a three-ring circus," King said, his eyes red and his plump face haggard.

USAC backers, of course, placed the blame on CART skulduggery. But that made little sense. The week before, after three days of hearings in a U.S. District Court in Indianapolis, Federal Judge James Noland reversed a USAC ban that would have kept six CART teams—numbering among them drivers such as defending Indy champ Al Unser, his brother Bobby, and former winners Johnny Rutherford and Gordon Johncock—from competing in this year's race. CART had argued that the ban was a result of a USAC conspiracy that violated the Sherman Antitrust Act. But Judge Noland made no ruling on that allegation, granting the temporary injunction because the "severe hardship the drivers would suffer far outweighs the harm to [USAC] by allowing them to race." Though the basic difference between the rival groups—which stemmed from the car owners wanting more representation on USAC's board of directors—remains unsettled, CART had clearly won a momentary triumph. To stick the stiletto to King in the wake of that victory would not only be uncharacteristically vicious of CART's leaders—among them Dan Gurney, a paragon of good sportsmanship—but also downright stupid from a public-relations standpoint.

"Heck," said another CART leader, Roger Penske, a paragon of good P.R., "if we had wanted to stoop that low, we could have brought out the King business during the hearings. The fact was generally known in Indy circles for years. I don't know who provided the leak to the papers, but it might have been some enemy of Dick's from years ago." Whatever the source, the incident was so tasteless—particularly because King's 17-year-old daughter had not known about her father's jail term—that it left many at the Speedway, fans and competitors alike, feeling foul and dirtied.

Indy's infamous weather made matters even worse. Saturday, the first day of the run for the pole, dawned to low, black skies and a cold, steady rain that didn't end until mid-afternoon. The track dried out and the cars rolled forth for what was announced as half an hour of prequalifying practice. Then, just 14 minutes into the session, Danny (On-The-Gas) Ongais enlivened things with one of his patented dives into the wall. After turning a scorcher of a lap in excess of 191 mph, Ongais spun his black Parnelli coming out of Turn 4. A strong crosswind, a rain-scrubbed "green" track and the fact that Ongais was slightly out of the groove for that corner combined to send the car into a half spin. Ongais hit the inside wall backward, ricocheted toward the pit-road entrance and belted another barrier, all at tremendous speed. It took rescue crews 22 minutes to free him. But the tough Hawaiian emerged with no broken bones and only a touch of whiplash. During his two seasons driving Formula 5,000 road racers, Ongais put 17 cars into one wall or another. Presumably practice paid off. The main effect of the wreck was to cancel any qualifying attempts before time ran out.

Last year, the entire front row qualified at speeds above the once-magic 200 mph mark. This year, no one would. In a move that angered most of the hot-shoes, the USAC technical committee ruled that turbochargers on the Ford Cosworth V-8 engines that have dominated the Speedway the past two years could run only 50 inches of turbocharger boost compared to the 80 inches allowed last year. That meant a cut of about 300 horsepower, from 800 to 500, and many observers predicted that even 190 mph would be unreachable at that boost level. Yet, in practice, seven drivers were in the low 190s, led by USAC's kingpin, A. J. Foyt, with a speed of 194.890 mph. Clearly the Indy racers had learned a few tricks from their Southern stock-car cousins in NASCAR, who have long since found ways around similar power restrictions. So, on the aborted afternoon of qualifying, the USAC tech committee announced a new rule: the manual boost control levers in the Indy car cockpits would be removed, thus precluding any qualifier from overriding the 50-inch "pop-off" valve installed to enforce the limit.

Nonetheless, when Sunday broke clear, cool, dry and sunny—ideal qualifying conditions—it appeared that at least four drivers or their crew chiefs must have had productive dreams the night before. Al Unser and Foyt both ran above 192, Tom Sneva did 191 and Rick



Ongais went just a bit too fast in practice

Mears nearly the same. The brightness of the day, coupled with the prospect of some action on the track instead of in a courtroom, seemed to ease the internecine gloom.

The Friday-night draw for qualifying positions had fortuitously established a built-in dramatic tension. Of the 55 cars set to go on Sunday, four of the fastest were scheduled at the very end of the line. And the last two promised to be the quickest of all, the Parnelli-Cosworth driven by Foyt, a veteran of 23 Indy 500s, and a Penske with Mears, who was co-Rookie of the Year in 1978.

Two-time Indy winner Johnny Rutherford led off the four-lap qualifying runs with a creditable 188.137-mph average, good enough to place him in the third row for race day, a solid starting position. The first really hot run of the day, though, came when Al Unser wheeled his car onto the track. The bright yellow machine, designed by John Barnard of England, who also put together last year's Grand Prix championship Lotus 79, is a Chaparral-Cosworth built by veteran road racer Jim Hall of Midland, Texas. It was the only fully "ground effect" car in the field—its bottom skirted and channeled to create a vacuum that holds the car tight to the track through corners. That effect also permits smaller wings, thus reducing aerodynamic drag down the straightaways. The car is as sleek and aerodynamically clean as anything racing today.

Unser whipped the brand-new car around the course with equal cleanliness for a 192.503-mph average—a figure that looked like it might hold up for the pole. "Well," said Unser. "I think that's as fast as the car will go. Foyt is going to be hard to beat for the pole, though. He's got a mean streak in him."

As the afternoon wore along, everyone was waiting for Foyt to show those CART upstarts who the master was. Meanwhile, other vets were turning in unspectacular but adequate runs. Bobby Unser and Gordon Johncock, in the high 189 bracket, placed themselves in what would ultimately prove to be the second row; Wally Dallenbach and young Johnny Parsons joined Rutherford in the third; Mike Mosley in Dan Gurney's Eagle-Cosworth qualified for a place in the fourth row.

Janet Guthrie delighted her many fans by turning in the steadiest run of the day in her Lola-Cosworth—four laps that varied by only 1.339 mph for a 185.720 average and a spot in the middle of the fifth row. Rookie Howdy Holmes, fresh out of Formula Atlantic school, proved the best of a crop of seven promising newcomers, edging Guthrie by a scant .144 mph.

With Sneva, Foyt and Mears still to come, however, the middle-of-the-pack drama began to pall. It was the 47th driver in line—Sneva—who had won the pole for Roger Penske the last two years but now had jumped to the Sugaripe Prune Special, a McLaren-Cosworth, who raised the curtain on Act Three. And it was a thriller. Sneva's first lap was the fastest of the day so far—192.926—and he kept getting better, riding so close to the wall in Turn 4 that fans yipped in fear. His third lap was 193.175. Maybe he'd spooked himself as well, because his last lap was only (only?) 192.276 for an average of 192.998. It looked like Sneva would be the first man in Indy history to sit on the pole in three straight races.

And it looked even more that way when Foyt came out. Super Tex has a way of outsmarting himself—not an unusual trait of great champions in other sports as well—and today he did it again. His first and second laps bracketed the 192-mph mark but then he flopped—with a 188 and then a weak 186—for a 189.613 average for the 10-mile run that put him back in the second row. "I don't know," said the 44-year-old grandfather in a voice like that of a young boy caught up to an elbow in the cookie jar, "it just started missin' there at the end." Missing, in fact, were two cylinders, the spark-plugs for which had been dropped on the ground and unknowingly cracked in a last-minute change just before A.J. took to the track in his Gilmore Special.

Even as Foyt was talking, Mears was taking a warmup lap in the Penske-Cosworth known as the Gould Charge. "This kid is something special," Roger Penske had been saying at breakfast that morning. "Most of the good drivers in this sport are getting old—well into their late 30s if not their 40s. But Rick is only 27, a natural study, and as cooperative a driver as I have ever worked with. Watch him."

Those who did got a real charge. Mears' first lap was a sizzling 194.847, fastest of the day, but his second—though slower—was the real heart-stopper. He barely missed the wall in Turn 2, doubtless brushing off a few red, white and blue paint molecules from his car in the process, then did the same in Turn 3. His overall average of 193.736 was nearly a mile an hour faster than Sneva's, whose hopes for a third pole now faded as fast as they had bloomed. "Yeah, I spooked myself a bit on that second lap," Mears said later. "Mainly in Turn 3. But it was worth it."

Penske, all smiles now, the pall of the early days of the month dissipated by the day's success, put an arm around his young lion's shoulder. He had reason for great delight, sure enough. Not only had his discovery—Mears was driving in off-road races when Penske signed him at the start of last season—won the pole for the 63rd running of the 500, but seven of the first eight positions were filled by CART drivers, including the entire first row and two-thirds of the second.

For all that, the ugliness of the CART-USAC war will doubtless surface again in the weeks and months to come. And racing will be the worse for it, a sad legacy on an otherwise shining day. **END**



but A.J. couldn't go fast enough in qualifying

FROM BOOM TO BUST TO BOOM IN THE WEST

The Sonics found their confidence game just in time to stave off the Suns and send the conference championship back to the Kingdome **by JOHN PAPANEK**



For Davis, everything was near perfect until those crucial turnovers at the end of Game 6

For most of this season and the playoffs, the Seattle SuperSonics had unshakable confidence in their own invincibility. Sure, the Sonics seemed to have the perfect blend of experience and youth, finesse and physique, but there also was that almost mythical goodness emanating from Coach Lenny Wilkens that seemed to make everything work no matter who was wearing the green, white and gold uniforms.

After all, this was the team that barely lost the NBA championship last year, then lost one center, Marvin Webster, to free agentry, and another, Tom LaGarde, to injury; stuck a second-year forward, Jack Sikma, in the pivot and replaced him with a forward, Lonnie Shelton, who had led the NBA in fouls during his two years in the league. And it *still* won the Pacific Division championship, then beat Los Angeles in five games to reach the Western Conference finals.

Thus, no less an expert than Rick Barry, who plays for Houston when not pontificating on television, said before the series with the Phoenix Suns, "The Sonics will win because they believe they will win."

But then something happened. After romping to home wins in Games 1 and 2 by scores of 108–93 and 103–97, the Sonics began to play as if they had Space Needles stuck in their throats. They had won that second game despite guards Gus Williams and Dennis Johnson shooting a combined 7 for 39. And their third big gun, Sikma, went 4 for 17. But these failings only wound up infusing the Sonics with *more* confidence.

"This was probably their best shot," said Seattle Forward John Johnson, speaking of the Suns' improved performance in Game 2. "If they play a better game in this series, I'll be pretty surprised."

But the Suns flared and played *three* better games, and by the time Game 6 rolled around in Phoenix—"Whoever thought there would *be* a Game 6," said the Sonics' veteran forward, Paul Silas—Seattle was one game, no, one *shot*, from being eliminated.

But somehow Seattle's faith in itself prevailed. The team's confidence had eroded badly—J.J. had long since eaten his words—and with good reason. In Games 2 through 5 the Sonics had shot miserably. Sikma, a 46% shooter in the regular season, was 14 for 56, mostly against a 6′ 7″ rookie named Joel Kramer, who is better suited to playing forward. And what's worse, Seattle was slipping behind on the boards—to sweet, gentle Phoenix.

With the loss of rebounding advantage went Seattle's chance to control Phoenix' fast break. And when that break is run regularly by the blazing Walter Davis and his associates, the Suns are almost impossible to beat.

But in Game 6 last Sunday, Seattle scrapped as only it knows how. Moreover, the Sonics picked that game to shoot 54% from the field, seven points better than their regular-season average, and devastate the Suns on the boards 43–27 in a 106–105 win that sent the series back to Seattle.

For his part, Sikma lived up once more to his old nickname. The Banger moved the 203-pound Kramer all over the floor with relative impunity, and he also came out of his slump, hitting for 21 points and grabbing 10 rebounds.

Even so, the game, and perhaps Phoenix' best chance to reach the NBA finals for the second time in four years, went down to the final seconds and died at the hands of their best player. After rallying from a seven-point first-half deficit to a 97–91 lead with 7:45 left on the strength of Paul Westphal's 27 points and Davis' 24, the Suns got only two more field goals the rest of the way. It's not insignificant that the surge took place when Wilkens decided to shift the 6′ 8″, 245-pound moving mountain, Shelton, onto Davis in place of the smaller, slower John Johnson, who had been trying vainly to stop Davis throughout the series.

First, Shelton got Seattle what would become the winning basket when he rifled an offensive rebound to Williams for a swish with 54 seconds left, to make it 106–105. But Phoenix would have three chances to win it.

With 41 seconds remaining, Davis, driving the lane, was bothered enough by Shelton to be whistled for traveling. It was Davis' second turnover in the final 67 seconds. Then with four seconds left, Phoenix set up a shot for Davis, but he missed from the left of the key, again with Shelton in his face. In the last second, Garfield Heard missed everything, and so after being so close, the Suns had blown their chance. Wasn't that just like Phoenix? And, also, just like Seattle?

It was in Phoenix back before Game 3 that the Suns had gained the upper hand. The sun was shining brightly, prompting many of the Sonics, confident and leading 2–0, to skip an optional practice in favor of their hotel pool the day before the game. But in a stuffy gym, Phoenix Coach John MacLeod was schooling the Suns on several new ways to attack. First off, Seattle's 16-rebound-per-game edge—8.5 on the offensive end—was intolerable. Not only did it negate Phoenix' bread-and-butter fast break, but it

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MACKSON

also gave the Sonics more opportunities to score than they deserved. Second, when Phoenix set up its offense with Alvan Adams in the high post, three Sonics would fill the lane and move en masse to double- or triple-team Westphal or Davis when either drove to the basket. "Ours is the first NBA team ever to have four players with 300 or more assists," said MacLeod. "There'll always be an open man. It shouldn't be so difficult for us to find him."

And so they did, but not before Adams went out after 11 minutes of Game 3 with a sprained left ankle. For some long moments, Phoenix' hopes seemed to hobble off the floor with Adams. Kramer, a third-round draft pick who hadn't played center since his freshman year at San Diego State, forced Sikma even deeper into his shooting slump—5 for 13 in Game 3. When Kramer chipped in with 11 points, six rebounds, two blocks and three assists himself, it appeared that Adams' injury might turn out to be one of those happy accidents.

"Alvan's game is finesse," said one of the Suns. "Joel will bang. He may bother Sikma more than Alvan could." And indeed, facing Kramer, the 6′ 11″, 230-pound Sikma pressed harder.

In the third quarter, Phoenix took command of the boards for the first time in the series and came from one point down to seven ahead. As the third period became the fourth, Phoenix ran off a 16–2 surge, its fast break—led by Davis—in full gear. The dizzied Sonics never got closer than the 10 points by which they lost, 113–103.

Nonetheless, the victory still could have been a fluke. Surely with a slack-jawed rookie center, who looks rather like a lost puppy when he trots onto the floor, Phoenix couldn't win again. But Kramer is smart and strong and quicker than he looks, and in Game 4 the Suns won more convincingly, 100–91. They dominated the boards at both ends, 49–40, and ran 13 fast breaks to Seattle's four. Davis was taking down rebounds, darting past defenders, and he scored 27 points.

John Johnson, who had to guard Davis, explained his strategy. "First I try to front him without the ball," he said. "Then I try to press him into either making the bad pass or the shot. Then I pray to God that he misses it."

Meanwhile, Sikma's slump was past the critical stage—2 for 13. In the first four games, he was 19 for 55 and had exactly three assists. Said Heard, who took turns with Truck Robinson and Davis in helping Kramer out, "They're playing right into our hands by going to Jack."

Phoenix' 99–93 Game 5 win in the Kingdome served notice that the Suns could no longer be taken lightly. Phoenix hadn't won in Seattle in six tries, dating back to March 1977. Wilkens had locked the doors on the Sonics' practice in a vain attempt to restore the confidence that was so badly eroding.

Seattle had every chance to keep the home-court advantage by winning Game 5, especially when Davis picked up three fouls in the first 4½ minutes and watched the rest of the half from the bench. Kramer soon joined him, and Seattle had the opportunity to set its own tempo—s-l-o-w—for the first time since Game 2. The Sonics moved ahead by as much as nine, but Alvin Scott (subbing for Davis) and Bayard Forrest (in for Kramer), along with Robinson, Heard, Westphal, Don Buse and Mike Bratz, showed they could bang away at Seattle's own game, and the Suns were trailing by only 46–41 at halftime.

Seattle had a 66–59 lead with 1:04 left in the third period when MacLeod signaled for an all-out press. After Scott had made a three-point play, Bratz stole an inbounds pass and put in two free throws. Forrest stole a pass from John Johnson and hit Westphal for a short jumper. Thirty-four seconds had passed and the score was tied.

From there it was all high-pressure basketball. Davis worked hard for 15 of his 17 points in the second half; Westphal scored 18 of his 27; Bratz eight of his 13. "We never deviated from our system," said MacLeod. "That was the key. We did just what we'd done all year."

But Seattle panicked. When Williams fouled out after scoring only 10 points, the Sonics went to Dennis Johnson (24) and poor Sikma. Jack did make three baskets (in 13 shots) after taking the collar in the first three quarters, but as in Game 2, the Sonics fouled heavily down the stretch, presumably hoping the Suns would miss. The difference this time was that Phoenix hit 15 straight in the final 6:48 to take the advantage back to Arizona on Sunday.

Seattle's locker room resembled nothing if not a sinking ship. All the Sonics were angry, at each other, at themselves, at their lockers, at their clothes. "This is hard to believe," said John Johnson. "This afternoon I said that the pressure was on them because they had to win one up here to take it. Well they took it and there was nothing we could do about it. If a team beats you three straight and you don't respect them, then you're a damn fool."

On Sunday the Sonics manned the pumps at the last possible instant and were afloat again.

"I wouldn't call what happened to us 'overconfidence,' " said Wilkens. "But we were second-guessing ourselves. Even the players. You know, we didn't win 52 games by some fluke."

Nor would it be a fluke if they won Game 7 in the Kingdome this week and headed into the finals for the second straight year. After all, they always believed they would. **END**



For Sikma, nothing went quite right until he regained his shooting touch in the clutch victory

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

A QUICK COOK'S TOUR ACROSS THE STREAM

At one point the race left her breathless, but Betty Cook, ex-world and current national champion, blew them all away in the Bacardi **by JULIA LAMB**

The classic offshore powerboat racer is rich and restless. When big houses and big cars pale, the racer peels off some $80,000 for an exotic race boat, adds $250,000 or so to campaign it for a season and joins the eight-race circuit. Winners are awarded elaborate trophies of crystal and silver and modest purses of about $12,000, barely enough money to keep them in spark plugs. But the circuit takes them to all the nifty places. Last week's event, the fifth annual Bacardi Trophy Race, offered a 198-mile trip across the sea from Miami to Bimini and back.

Seventeen of the big boats boiled out into the Atlantic last Saturday before a crowd of some 5,000 spectators lining Government Cut. The six finishers had to slash their way back and forth across the Gulf Stream in five-foot seas, searching out eight small checkpoints and dodging countless pleasure craft along the way. And each racer discovered, as the rich and restless almost always do, that it takes more than money to make a winner.

Consider Rocky Aoki, the well-known restaurateur who spends enormous sums to ensure that he is well known. By his own reckoning, Aoki spent about $500,000 last year on racing. Poor Rocky—if that's the right word to describe him—started all eight races on the 1978 circuit and failed to finish a single one. But when the 1979 season opened March 17 with the Bushmills Grand Prix off Newport Beach, Calif., Aoki showed up with a new 38-foot tunnel-hull boat. He took up where he had left off, his *Benihana* blowing a water pump 10 minutes into the race. He said he hoped to do better in the Bacardi, the second event of the season. But even if he did badly, Aoki pointed out, he could always console himself with thoughts of his proposed $93 million hotel-casino complex in Atlantic City, or the restaurant he will open in Moscow for the 1980 Olympics, or the powerboat speed records he hopes to establish between Japan and China. He may only be 5′ 3″, but Rocky Aoki thinks big.

Charlie McCarthy of Warwick, R.I. arrived in Miami with a better record. McCarthy had not only finished the Bushmills GP, but he also won it. It was the first open-class race he had ever entered. Because it was the first race of the season, he thus became the points leader for the U.S. offshore title.

McCarthy got his start in powerboats 23 years ago, when he was 11. He and his friends would clamp outboards on small skiffs, then meander along the Rhode Island shore, looking for good spots to dig for quahogs. Several times, usually at night, the young clammers would come upon seedbeds, quahog nurseries for succulent, if illegal, small clams. "Mother would stand on the shore and blink a flashlight when the game wardens approached," McCarthy says. The night diggers would then rev up and outrace the law.

McCarthy now owns 300 trucks, a boat building business and a hot new offshore design he calls a Banana Boat. *Banana*? "It's just the opposite of what you think of as a racer," he says. "I sort of picture a banana boat moving slowly up from South America with everybody aboard asleep—including the guy at the wheel."

McCarthy likes to do things differently. Though the majority of competitive offshore boats are now built of duPont's strong, light—and expensive—Kevlar, *Top Banana*, the 38-footer he is campaigning this season, is constructed of old-fashioned fiber glass. Further, the two 600-hp MerCruisers that power it were the only carbureted engines in the open class for the Bacardi because, "I didn't feel comfortable with fuel injection." After spending three years and well over $100,000 to put *Top Banana* into the water, McCarthy pondered the question of what he would do if the boat succumbed to the pounding of the Gulf Stream. "If the boat goes down," he said, "I'll go back to digging quahogs at night."

But the treacherous stream wasn't the only obstacle he had to face. There was also Joe Ippolito, 28, second in the national points standings for the last two years and the defending Bacardi champion, who would be driving a 38-foot Scarab. And there was 45-year-old Preston Henn, a Florida drive-in movie tycoon, who had won the Bacardi in 1976 and 1977 and might have won again last year if he hadn't been caught jumping the gun.

Bill Martin and his new *Bounty Hunter* also were considered a serious threat, especially in rough seas. The bright orange, 39-foot Cigarette was a mean-looking machine built to particularly heavy and solid specifications. "I've broken eight open-class boats in half," said Martin, a furniture company executive from Clark, N.J. "I was determined to make this one last." And who would Martin be watching for? "I consider Betty my only competition out there," he said.

Of course. Betty Cook. Martin was referring to the 1977 world champion and 1978 U.S. champion, who is too often described as a 54-year-old grandmother. The fact is true, but the description is inadequate. Cook is a tough, articulate woman whose determination and attention to detail have put her on top in what was once an exclusively male field. To be totally prepared for all conditions at Miami, she had brought not one but two boats, a conventional deep V and a new, 38-foot tunnel-hull handbuilt in England from—of all things—wood. The V was to be used if the Gulf Stream kicked up over five feet, the more fragile and faster tunnel if the Stream decided to flatten out. So Cook waited for the Gulf Stream to lie down and play dead.

It didn't. On the morning of the race, though officials assured the entrants that seas were only three to five feet, the racers were suspicious. "If they say three to five," said one skeptic, "what they really mean is four to six and up to 10." Though estimates varied, everyone agreed it was a day to keep wood hulls safely at their docks.

As the racers roared out into the Atlantic, *Flap Jack*, a 38-foot Bertram

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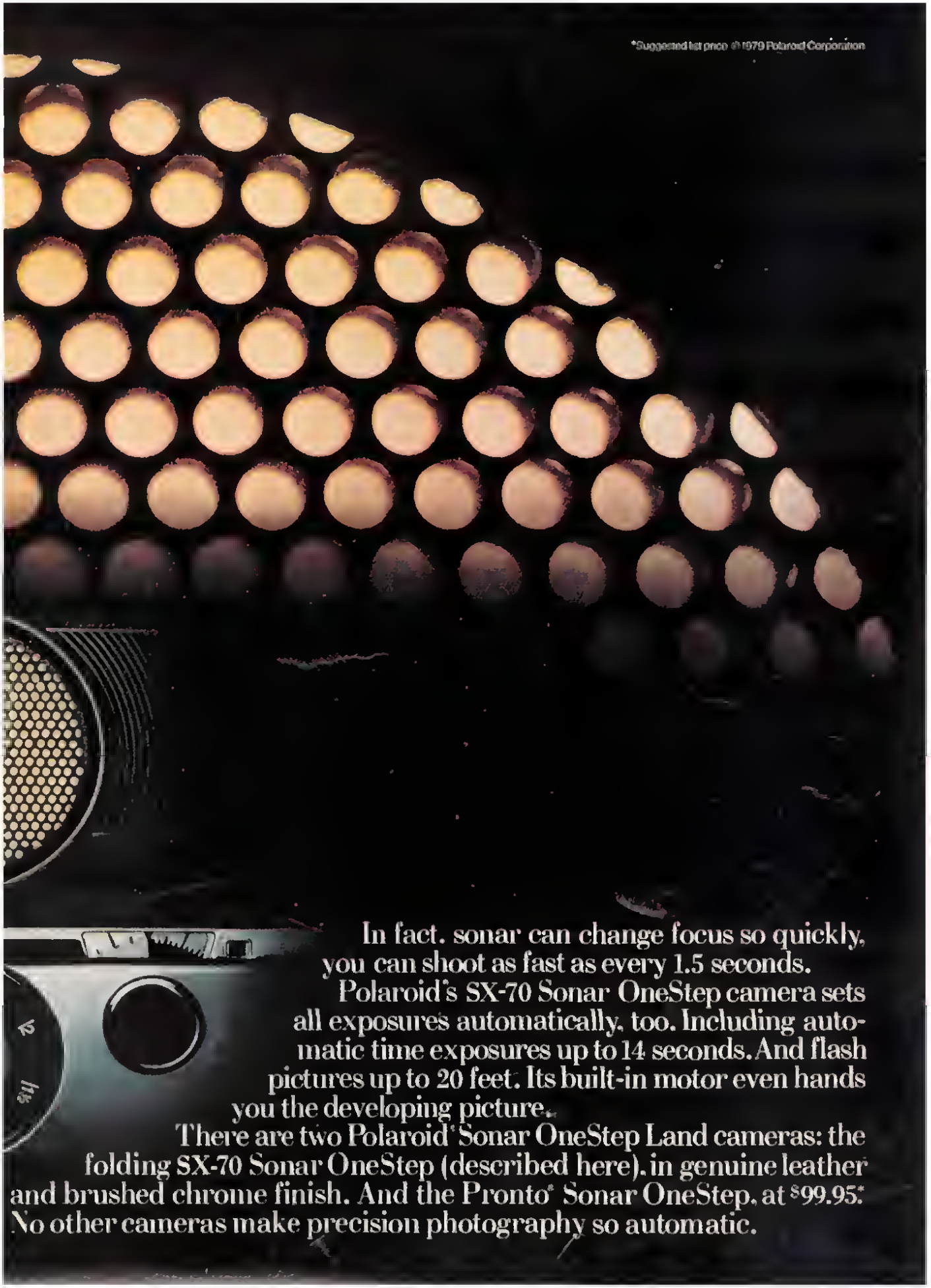
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Indianapolis 500 Mustang Pace Car Replica.

Monroe Turbo Mustang Replica featuring turbocherged 2.3 litre engine, Recaro Seats, Firestone SS Radiel Tires and custom interior and exterior.

2nd Prize

1979 F-150 Ford Pickup.

3rd Prize

1979 Ford Fairmont Futura.

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1979 Pinto Cruising Wagon.

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Ten desirable group packages. Ten sets of four Firestone SS radial tires. Ten sets of four Monroe® Radial-Matic® or Monro-Magnum® 60 shocks, Ten complete assortments of Valvoline automotive products including a case of Valvoline All-Climete motor oil.

6th Prize

50 Motorole 40 chennel CB radios.

7th Prize

1,000 Baja Courier and Monroe Turbo Mustang hobby kits.



OFFICIAL RULES

To enter, stop by any participeting Ford Oealer, Firestone Store or Oealer, Monroe Dealer or Valvoline Oealer and complete the entry form, or hand print the words "Ford, Firestone, Monroe, Valvoline" plus your name, eddress end zip code on e 3" x 5" piece of paper and send to "Winner's Choice Sweepstakes," P O Box 1016, Birmingham, Michigan 48012. Enter as often es you like, 1,064 chances to win One prize per family All prizes will be ewerded Automobiles will be ewerded with predetermined list of options Winners will be notified by mail All entries become the property of Marketing Corporetion of America, Birmingham, Michigan No purchese necessary to enter

Winners will be determined in a rendom drewing May 31, 1979 from all entries received no later than midnight May 30, 1979, by an independent judging orgenizetion whose decisions are final If winner does not meet licensing requirements of the prize, then the prize may be transferred to a member of the immediate family. Texes, if any, ere the sole responsibility of the winner. No substitution of prizes is permitted "Winner's Choice Sweepstakes" open to ell residents of the U S A, except employees, dealers and families of Ford Motor Company, Firestone Tire Company, Monroe Auto Equipment Company, Velvoline Oil Company, their advertising and judging agencies. Void in Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever prohibited end restricted by law. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. For e list of prize winners or complete description of prize vehicles, send a seperele stemped, self-addressed envelope to Winners, P O. Box 225, Birmingham Michigen 48012

the Holiday Inn, so why don't you come over sometime?' "

Atkins went to the motel. "The man asked me, 'Are you having any problems?' I said, 'Oh, just a few bills.' He said, 'Do you need any money? We can loan you some money.' I said, 'Nah, that's O.K.' He said, 'I'm not going to try to get you to sign anything. Don't worry about that. But if I do you a favor, you can go ahead and do me a favor. Why don't you just sign this thing right here?' "

Atkins read the five-page offer sheet. "It had all these big words on it," he says. "I'm not an academic genius. He said it wasn't legally binding. He told me, 'Anytime you want to get out of this, just give me a call.' I signed it. I knew I did something wrong. I didn't want the NCAA to do something to Maryland, but I just needed some money to pay some bills. I didn't want to sign with him, but I just needed to pay my bills." Atkins says that he accepted loans totaling about $1,000. Trope says it was $1,600.

Later, after a one-day visit to Trope's home in Pacific Palisades, Atkins apparently changed his mind about having Trope represent him. He told SI correspondent Joe D'Adamo, "Trope did all this stuff. He had a limousine pick me up at the airport and take me to his place. He's got a mansion out there. He's got a butler and a couple of Rolls-Royces. He took me for a ride and got me something to eat. He just made me feel obligated.

"Then he got me in this room with maybe about three or four other people, and he said, 'Well, how would you like to go with us? If you don't feel comfortable with us, you can leave.' But you can't say you're going to leave, with four or five other people there. It's just like being on stage with a thousand people looking at you. They knew all along, and I knew from the first night, that I didn't have no other way of getting them [the loans] paid. But they were aware all along that I did something wrong."

Atkins claims he never heard from Trope or anyone from Trope's office on or about Jan. 29, the date when Trope signed the offer sheets and had them notarized. He also says that Trope subsequently called his girl friend and "tried to intimidate her." Now Atkins has a new agent. "I talked to over 150 agents since the regular season ended," he says. "Last month I met Mr. Rick Bennett, a lawyer. He was the most decent person I met. He's my agent."

Ottis Anderson, the University of Miami's premier running back and the first-round choice of the St. Louis Cardinals, also signed a Trope offer sheet last July and, according to Trope, accepted a loan of $600. Anderson, who denies receiving any money from Trope, later dropped him and signed with a Houston agent named Clifford Paul. Anderson accepted a $4,000 loan from Paul as a down payment on a 1979 Buick Regal, repaid the loan, dropped Paul and also is currently being represented by Bennett. Says Trope of Anderson's dealings, "I have little doubt what the judge is going to say about a player he sees got a car from one agent, loans from another, then signed with yet a third. So if anybody was conning anybody, Ottis Anderson was conning us."

The list of players Trope has sued for breach of contract includes Atkins, Anderson and Texas A&M's Sanders, a defensive tackle drafted in the eighth round by Tampa Bay. Sanders admits he received almost $1,000 in loans from Trope, and says he also was given a royal-treatment visit to Trope's mansion. Sanders says, "The thing that turned me against Trope, that made me realize he was a phony, was that almost any representative will give you a copy of something you sign. I asked him to leave me something, and he said he would send it by mail. But I never received anything."

Trope is seeking $52,500 in damages from Anderson, apparently on the assumption that this would be his commission on Anderson's NFL contract.

Some of the player suits have been settled out of court, some have not, some are in a state of total confusion. Keith Dorney, the Penn State offensive tackle who was the Detroit Lions' No. 1 choice, was said by Trope to have settled, but Dorney says he neither signed an offer sheet nor accepted any cash loans. "I hate to have Trope doing dirty to my name," Dorney says.

Attorney Singman, who is the legal adviser to Theotis Brown, the UCLA running back who was a second-round choice of St. Louis, says of Trope's suits, "In my opinion, the complaint he has filed against Brown and the complaint he has filed against myself are entirely lacking in merit. There is an absolute unequivocable defense to the complaint in that the agreement upon which the complaints are based is invalid because it is void under the circumstances under which it was executed." Legally, Singman felt that the contract had no binding substance from the start. This, too, was the opinion of Beverly Hills lawyer William Zeltonoga, who represents Jerry Robinson, the UCLA linebacker who was the Philadelphia Eagles' No. 1 pick. Zeltonoga says, "The agreement is clearly voidable because it doesn't exist in the eyes of the law. It was made under fraudulent representation because it would jeopardize Jerry's amateur standing under NCAA rules." More generally, Singman says, "The real burning question is why did all these people all across the country leave him independently? Why did they all decide it was not in their best interest to be represented by Michael Trope?"

Trope expects that more than half of his suits against the players will be settled out of court. "If these guys think an agent is expensive, wait until they see what it costs to hire a California attorney," he says. But while some observers think the whole thing may be dropped after suitable publicity for Trope's case, Trope insists otherwise. "When I dream about it, I'm really looking forward to this fight," he says. "When I think of all of us battling this out in front of a judge, having the chance to hurl their charges right back at them, a blood rush goes to my head. It's about time somebody had the guts to go to court and get a judge to make a ruling on all this stuff. There's one thing I think you should understand: of the players who were drafted in the first three rounds, 60% of them made a commitment to an agent in one form or another before their college eligibility was up. This is the trade. This is how the business works."

And whatever the outcome of his lawsuits, Mike Trope has declared war on the NCAA. He says, "If they ever try to pick out one of Mike Trope's players and make him ineligible to teach everyone else a lesson, that is a pure violation of the due process clause in the Constitution. I'd feel compelled at that point to hire my own investigators—and I would do that—and I'd come up with a dossier of at least 30 or 40 of the major universities that have broken NCAA rules. That would force them to put everyone on probation, and then, on Saturday afternoons we could all watch women's basketball on television during the football season." **END**



THEY'RE JUST MAD ABOUT CHARLIE

As few as 653 fans have seen the A's play, but it's owner Finley who's being sued for nonsupport *by RON FIMRITE*

The announced attendance for the A's game with Seattle at the Oakland Coliseum on the chilly night of April 1 was 653. Actually, the crowd wasn't quite that large, because the American League doesn't subtract no-shows from its attendance figures and not everyone who bought a ticket for the game was in the park. Carl Finley, Charles O. Finley's first cousin and, in effect, his front office, estimated that 550 men, women and children were in the seats, a figure that exceeded by several hundred the computation of Oakland First Baseman Dave Revering, who had counted to 200 before he was distracted by more urgent matters on the diamond. But even the announced crowd set a record low for the



A typical Oakland crowd of 2,436 showed up for a recent Saturday game. If fans continue to stay away at their current pace, the A's will drew 357,786 in '79.

franchise since it moved to the Bay Area, although it fell short, by 652, of equaling the lowest attendance for a professional baseball game in Oakland, which was established on Nov. 8, 1905 by a man, regrettably anonymous, who watched the Pacific Coast League Oaks play the Portland Beavers. Still, 653—or 550 or 200—in a stadium that seats 50,000 look about like one.

The fact is, watching the A's play these days is fully as lonely, if not necessarily as rewarding, a pastime as philately or lepidopterology. It's true that the historic April 17 game was competing with itself on local TV, being one of 10 Oakland home games to be televised this season, as well as with the telecast of a San Francisco Giants' game from San Diego. It's also true that the following day, without competition from the tube, the attendance was nearly doubled when an alleged 1,215 showed up. But it's true, too, that if the A's continue to draw fans at their current clip, they will easily bottom their Oakland season low of 495,412 in 1977. Even a half-price night game with the perennially popular Red Sox on April 30 attracted only 14,716, and in two games the world champion Yankees could lure a total of only 16,293 fans. All this is occurring at a time when big league attendance records are being toppled annually. The A's total of 526,999 last year was nearly a million less than the average for American League teams.

There is something to be said for such privacy at the ball park, as the San Francisco *Examiner* and several Bay Area television stations have gleefully observed. The A's fan suffers none of the myriad inconveniences that afflict spectators in more populous stadiums. He can park his car as near to the Coliseum as the players do, and he can purchase a ticket at the last possible moment—if he can find a booth open. Once inside, the odds on catching a foul ball are much better than anywhere else. He can easily locate friends in the park, and he is likely to have his own personal vendor of soft drinks, beer and comestibles. He is very much like a guest at an exclusive party.

continued

Alas, the City of Oakland and the County of Alameda, which jointly own the Coliseum, and the commission that operates it for them would much prefer an enlarged guest list. Eight days after the record-low crowd, they filed suit in Federal Court charging Finley and Charles O. Finley & Co., Inc. with breach of contract, alleging that the team owner had not complied with his "obligation to endeavor in good faith to obtain maximum occupancy of the Stadium by the public by failing to reasonably promote attendance at Oakland A's baseball games." The plaintiffs are seeking damages of $1.5 million for revenues lost over the last four years in concessions, parking and such, in addition to $10 million in punitive damages for Finley's "reckless and conscious disregard" of his promotional obligations.

The suit brings to a climax a decade and more of warfare between the eccentric tenant and his intractable landlords, and judicially fruitless though such action seems likely to be—Finley, after all, has given Oakland three world champions during that time—the suit has proved extraordinarily popular among the locals, because Finley right now is about as well regarded in the East Bay as William Tecumseh Sherman was in Atlanta some years before that city joined the National League. Certainly the Coliseum people rue the day they didn't heed the warning of Missouri Senator Stuart Symington, who, after learning of Finley's transfer of the A's from Kansas City to Oakland, told his fellow legislators on Oct. 19, 1967, "Oakland is the luckiest city since Hiroshima."

"People don't want to come to the ball park because they don't want Finley to get his share of the tickets," says Donna Oneto, membership secretary of the Oakland A's Boosters Club, an esoteric organization if ever there was one. She expresses a surprisingly common sentiment. Fans in other cities might stay away to avoid seeing the players, but Oakland fans, it appears, steer clear to spite the owner. And the players don't seem to blame them.

"Charlie hasn't spent one red cent on promotion," says Bob Lacey, the outspoken relief pitcher. "I've played on Triple A teams that promoted more. I've never been asked to speak anywhere. The fans don't even know who we are. . . . I don't care, let him punish me. He's hoping I'll have a bad year so he can give me a pay cut."

The breach-of-contract suit hinges on paragraph 7(d) of Finley's lease with the Coliseum, which requires him to "maintain an American League baseball team of the character and standing required by Major League rules for the conduct of professional Major League baseball games and endeavor in good faith to obtain the maximum occupancy of the stadium by the public. . . . " It may be argued that the inexperienced young A's are just barely a team of big league caliber—even though their 12–21 record at the end of last week made them only the sixth worst club in the majors—but the crux of the matter is Finley's non-promotion of what little he has. In the view of the Coliseum commissioners, he has done his utmost to conceal his team from the public.

No A's spring training games were broadcast, so the season more or less sneaked up on radio listeners. Finley didn't even sign a radio contract until the night before the season began and Red Rush, his No. 1 announcer, didn't learn he was to do the games until 12 hours before the season opener. Rush, a burly man who, like legions of others, has been hired and fired by Finley before, may have at his command the most



In better days, when the A's were world champs the O in Finley's name stood for omnipresent He ran the team whether he was at the park or on the phone



There were banner years—but only on the field

complete vocabulary of baseball bromides of any living broadcaster. He flavors his commentary with such anachronistic pearls as: "He motored back full tilt"; and "That got him out of the old pickle barrel", and "The hickory really met the horsehide."

Luckily, not many listeners can hear such hoary pronouncements because Finley's radio contract is with a San Jose station, KXRX, that broadcasts at a mere 5,000 watts after dark. Rush fades inexorably from earshot as one drives west from the Coliseum toward San Francisco on the Nimitz Freeway. Nonetheless, the A's are more accessible to listeners now than they were at the beginning of last season, when Finley first contracted with the 10-watt, student-operated University of California station before finally signing on with KNEW in Oakland.

The suit contends that Finley has published a declining amount of promotional literature, such as schedules, team photographs, posters, calendars, newsletters and yearbooks, and has mounted no paid advertising campaign. Other complaints are that he has no continuous year-round sales program, that he maintains a front-office staff—Carl Finley is pretty much it—too small to conduct effective public relations, provides no discounts for young fans, schedules no giveaway days and won't cooperate with the Boosters Club. Actually, on those rare occasions in the past few years when the A's have had giveaways, they have been stuck with thousands of unclaimed items, the supply having far exceeded the demand. And sales apparently are less than brisk at the souvenir stands; last week the concessionaires were offering buttons celebrating Ken Holtzman, who last pitched for the A's in 1975; and Dal Maxvill, who has not played in the majors since that year. Last June the Coliseum offered to put up $100,000 for promotion if Finley would match the figure. He wouldn't.

There was no first-ball ceremony at the A's opener this year, and Finley himself was among the no-shows. In fact, the owner would seem to be in the very forefront of the A's non-fans. By the end of April he hadn't watched his team play a single game, either in spring training or during the regular season.

The players see subtler indications of his disenchantment. He made no trades in the first month of the season, a time when he ordinarily moves more bodies from place to place than the Long Island Rail Road. He hasn't hired a "designated runner," a specialist along the swift lines of such Finley greyhounds as Allan (the Panamanian Express) Lewis, Herb (the World's Fastest Human) Washington or Matt (the Scat) Alexander. Stanley (the Hammer) Burrell, the teen-ager Finley employed a year ago to telephone game accounts back to him in Chicago and, it was darkly suspected, to deliver spy reports on the players, has been around only as an occasional spectator. And because Charlie O. himself is never on the premises, there have been no "dehumanizing" harangues from the master to his servants. Because of Finley's absence and his comparative silence, it would appear that Jim Marshall, the 17th man hired to manage the A's in Finley's 19 seasons as owner, may be the first who is truly a manager and not an answering service. Marshall discreetly refuses to say how often he communicates with his employer, but the players firmly suspect the game plan is no longer being dictated by phone from Chicago. "He's not calling at all," says Lacey. "He's not paying attention."

The strangest twist is that Finley himself seems to have drifted into *continued*



This San Jose station carries A's games, though its signal can barely be heard in the Bay Area

semi-seclusion. For one who habitually blossoms in the limelight, he has become something of a shrinking violet. He issued no immediate public response to the Coliseum lawsuit and hasn't been returning any calls. And this is a man who used to spend more time on the phone than most people do in bed.

To be sure, Finley's reticence might be traced in part to some severe problems outside of Oakland. He was charged with battery after a barroom altercation in Chicago with one Roger Seacrist, a 38-year-old advertising man. Seacrist told police he had merely inquired of Finley if a seat at Hillery's Bar was vacant. After Finley told him it was occupied, Seacrist says he replied, "Oh, sorry to bother you." For some reason, Seacrist told police, Finley took offense at this courteous rejoinder, and after an exchange of epithets, the 61-year-old Finley socked Seacrist in the face. Seacrist filed his complaint three days after the April 6 incident, claiming to have suffered a hairline fracture of the jaw and impaired hearing. He is also threatening to take civil action. Finley is scheduled to be in court on June 5 to answer the charge. Later next month his wife Shirley's divorce action against him will be tried in an Indiana court.

These legal assaults may cost Finley dearly, but despite his occasional poor-mouthing, it is doubtful if he is losing much money on the A's. He rarely makes a player deal these days that doesn't involve cash. Last year such transactions grossed him more than a million bucks—400,000 of them in the deal that sent Vida Blue to the Giants—a sum that was just about sufficient to meet his player payroll, which is the lowest in baseball. No Oakland player earns as much as $100,000 at a time when that figure is very nearly the average annual wage for major-leaguers. When Finley attempted to cut the salary of Reliever Dave Heaverlo, his highest-paid employee, Heaverlo took him to arbitration and won a $95,000 contract. Finley was 0 for 5 in the latest round of arbitration hearings.

The A's get $900,000 as their share of the major leagues' national television package, and last year Finley signed a three-year agreement with a San Francisco station to do local telecasts that is worth an additional $600,000 per annum. The A's drew nearly 1.4 million to their road games last year, and because visiting teams receive 20% of the gate, Finley made money at the considerable expense of his fellow owners, a turn of events that, considering his well-known regard for those colleagues, is not likely to induce pangs of conscience. For their part, visitors to Oakland took the well-known bath. A three-game series with the Angels last month attracted only 7,877 spectators, which means that after paying air, motel, meal, bus and trucking expenses, the visitors lost a bit more than $2,200, according to the *Los Angeles Times*' calculations. The check they received from the A's of a little more than $5,500 barely covered Rod Carew's daily earnings of $4,938. And the Angels' home base is only 420 miles from Oakland. Teams from the Midwest and the East obviously suffer far greater losses. One Midwestern executive said, "It would be cheaper for us to forfeit all of our games out there."

Finley's lease with the Coliseum, which runs through the 1987 season, is one of the most favorable in all of baseball. His annual rent is only $125,000, and he gets 25% of the gross receipts from concessions and 27½% of the income from parking.

Of course, it has been Finley's renowned unwillingness—or inability—to keep good players on his payroll that has most dramatically reduced his expenses. Since 1975 Sal Bando, Don Baylor, Blue, Bert Campaneris, Rollie Fingers, Phil Garner, Holtzman, Catfish Hunter, Reggie Jackson, Bill North, Joe Rudi, Gene Tenace and Claudell Washington—in short, enough talent to form a championship team—have all departed Finley's employ, either because they went elsewhere for lucrative free-agent contracts, or because Finley traded them in anticipation that they would become free agents, or because Charlie O. simply unloaded them, apparently to get cash.



Ed Bercovich and others want to buy the A's.

Further, Finley employs no full-time scouts or minor league hitting and pitching instructors, and he fleshes out his directory of club officials by including secretaries and clerks as well as Trainer Joe Romo, Equipment Manager Frank Ciensezyk and Visiting Clubhouse Manager Steve Vucinich. Discounting himself and Charles O. Finley Jr., who is listed as secretary-treasurer, Finley has precisely three executives, Executive Vice-President Carl Finley, Controller Chuck Cottonaro and Minor League Director Norm Koselke. Of these, Carl is the chief cook and bottle-washer. Formerly a high school vice-principal in Dallas, he is as soft-spoken and good-natured as his cousin is bombastic and cantankerous. As Charlie seems to be removing himself from stage center, Carl, six years younger, is hesitantly emerging as a somewhat quieter spokesman. But there is no questioning his loyalty and subservience to the boss in Chicago. "Charlie and I have always been close," he says. "He's a great guy."

The A's have only four coaches on the field, whereas many teams have five or six, but they have a spare in the press box. When Bobby Winkles abruptly quit as manager last May, Coach Jack Mc-



Marshall is a manager, not a telephone man.

Keon moved into his chair, and Bobby Hofman, a former Giant player who is the team's traveling secretary and public-relations man, put on a uniform and began coaching at first base. Ciensezyk also sometimes pulled multiple duty, looking after the accommodations, preparing statistics and press notes, cleaning up the clubhouse and sending out the laundry. Hofman is back upstairs this year and Ciensezyk is down below, but who knows what might happen if—or, considering Finley's history, when—Marshall gets his walking papers?

Finley professedly wants nothing more than to unload his run-down property, and remarkably there appears to be no shortage of prospective buyers. But nothing in Charlie O.'s life is simple. The A's seemed all but sold a few weeks before the 1978 season began to multi-millionaire oilman Marvin Davis, who would have moved the team to Denver and started afresh. Then the Coliseum people stepped forward to remind all parties that Finley's 20-year lease with them didn't expire for nine more seasons. Various offers were made to buy up the remaining years of the lease, and at one time it was proposed that the Giants play part of their schedule in Oakland to compensate the community for the loss of major league baseball. The Giants balked when the Coliseum insisted that the arrangement continue until the expiration of the Giants' Candlestick Park lease in 1994. It was the smartest move the Giants never made. With a contending team, they attracted a near-record 1.75 million fans to Candlestick. Meanwhile, the Coliseum hung tough with Finley, Davis went shopping elsewhere, and the A's—or what was left of them—played before a few friends and neighbors.

Moving the team out of Oakland does not now seem to be in anyone's immediate plans, what with the Coliseum's determination to have the full terms of its lease met. But Finley has entertained at least three offers from buyers who would pay him from $9 million to $10 million for the A's and keep them where they are. One of these groups, headed by Oakland furniture dealers Sam and Ed Bercovich, was scratched by the Coliseum when it was learned they were seeking to modify the terms of the lease. Finley himself rejected the others by characterizing their offers as "big hat, no cattle."

"I don't know what he means by that," snorts Neil Papiano, a former Finley attorney, who organized one of the groups. "We have five presidents of New York Stock Exchange firms, the owner of the largest theater chain in the U.S., the owner of the second-largest advertising firm in California, presidents of three other companies and the owner and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune*, among others, in our group. That is no cattle?"

Popular sentiment has it that even with "cattle" and strong local promotion, the A's wouldn't succeed because the Bay Area can't support two big league teams playing in parks less than an hour's drive apart. And if it should come to a showdown, it is said, the Giants, with their solid hold on fan loyalty throughout northern California, would win. After all, they were there first.

Finley argues that he gave the East Bay five straight division winners and three straight world champions, and yet he was able to draw more than a million only twice, in 1973 and 1975, and then just barely (1,000,763 and 1,075,518, respectively) and only with half-price nights.

Coliseum General Manager Bill Cunningham protests that Finley never allowed the A's to become part of "the fabric of the community." It was Finley's team, not the town's. "He says winning is enough. Well, then, why do the Dodgers and the Reds promote the way they do?" Cunningham asks. "What he should have been doing in the championship years was building a fan base for the lean years. A player like Joe Rudi lived here the year round, and he was never asked to go anywhere on behalf of the team. The only way we'll ever know if this area can support two major league teams is if we have two solid organizations marketing their product. We've never had that."

Cunningham points to sellout crowds at Oakland Raider and Golden State Warrior games in the same Coliseum complex. "And for two years in a row we've been the No. 1 concert stadium in the country." There are, he adds, 1.7 million people in the East Bay alone, 4.4 million in the six Bay Area counties and six million prospective fans within easy driving distance of the Coliseum. Cunningham chafes at the sight of busloads of fans from the boondocks headed for Candlestick Park on weekends, even though the Oakland stadium is more accessible.

And so an impasse is reached. The Coliseum, either out of obdurate civic pride or because it foresees a substantial increase in income should the A's be sold to new, local ownership, refuses to free the team from its contract. And Finley won't sell. He invariably falls back on the excuse that no substantial buyer has come forth, but another reason, which is gaining increasing currency in the East Bay and throughout baseball, may be that Charlie O. is keeping the team out of spite. He can do this, the theory holds, because he has pared costs to a minimum and is losing little, if any, money, while gleefully tweaking two old adversaries, the Coliseum commission and his fellow baseball owners, both of whom are losing considerable sums because of Finley's skinflint ways.

Meanwhile, the franchise deteriorates like a neighborhood on the wrong side of the tracks. "When you think about it, it boggles the mind," says Heaverlo. Says Revering, speaking of the Coliseum, "I guess they want a bird in the hand, even if it's a dead bird."

And yet, amid all of the disheartening confusion, the A's *do* have their loyal fans. Night after night they sit in their yellow jackets behind the team's third-base dugout, huddled there on cold evenings like survivors of some natural disaster. "Our motto," says one of the breed, Esther Winton of San Leandro, "is never mind Finley, support the players."

Most nights there is no roar of the crowd to muffle the loyalists' exhortations, so the players have come to recognize the members of this hardy band by sight and by sound. But when the Yankees and the Red Sox are in town, some of the usually vacant seats are filled by auslanders with old loyalties who root for the visitors. On these occasions home games are no different from away games for the A's, and a certain understandable disorientation sets in. A visitor's home run will be cheered louder than one by the home team. The situation became so acute last year that Pitcher Matt Keough found himself saying he wished "these people" would stay bome and leave the park to the hard-core fans. But even the turncoats seem not so numerous this year, and an eerie solitude prevails at almost every game, regardless of the opposition. Still, Revering feels he will be able to recognize doomsday when it comes. "We'll really know we're in trouble," he says, "when people come in here to root for Seattle." END

When Ohio Stste's Tom Cousinesu was tabbed by Buffalo ss the NFL's No. 1 drsft pick, he told the Bills...

'YOU MADE A WISE CHOICE'

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMSIC



Bill Dupler is the proprietor of the Crest Tavern, Columbus, Ohio's original dart bar, which was established at the end of Prohibition and has not suffered from refurbishing in the ensuing years. It's a neighborhood joint, Archie Bunker's kind of place, where the drinking is hard, with elbows firmly planted on the bar, and the talk is of sports. One day last week Dupler was idly mopping up spilled beer when his attention—and everyone else's—shifted outside. "Look at that damn fool," Dupler says. "Just bounced his Jeep right up over the curb and parked. With things like that, I don't have to provide any entertainment here."

Immediately the door is darkened by the driver of the Jeep Renegade with the orange and yellow stripes, hulking Tom Cousineau, who is wearing a vest and no shirt, sloppy trousers, untied sneakers and a smile that lights up the saloon. All eyes fill with admiration. For while Cousineau, the No. 1 pick in the NFL draft a fortnight ago, may not yet be a hot autograph in Buffalo, he writes his own ticket in Columbus. Right now, in fact, he is perfectly parked at the edge of a financial bonanza and national-celebrity status.

Megabucks will soon flow into the pockets of the Ohio State linebacker, courtesy of the Buffalo Bills, who picked Cousineau No. 1. Celebrity will probably take a bit longer. Not since 1965, when the old AFL Houston Oilers selected Baylor Wide Receiver Lawrence Elkins No. 1, has a first choice from a major school been so little known. Equally unheralded in recent years were Tennessee State's Too Tall Jones (1974) and Tampa's John Matuszak (1973), but they had played for smaller schools.

Curiously enough, since the pro draft was initiated in 1936, Cousineau is the only Ohio State player ever to be picked No. 1, and only the second linebacker so honored—the first being Texas' Tommy Nobis by Atlanta in 1966.

Even in football-crazed Columbus, where the fans are knowledgeable, there is some ignorance concerning Cousineau. Like the other night, when a man walked up to Cousineau and said, "I know you, you're an All-American here. Wait, yeah, Tim Cazzini. Hiya, Tim." Said Cousineau, "Right, that's me." Another guy approached, looked and said, "Hey, you're Cousineau. Wait, no you're not." Said Cousineau, "Right, I'm not."

But in the Crest, where Cousineau feels comfortable, there's no identity crisis. The customers like to slap Tom around, grinning and offering their opinions on how great he is. Sometimes, they go on to explain how they, too, would

Thanks to the tattoo on his leg, the sun is always shining for Cousineau—and for his akita, Kimo

continued

have been equally great "if only . . ." Cousineau is assailed on all sides. One man tries to make conversation by saying he's a "free-lance sportswriter," although it comes out "free-sance lortswriter" on the first try.

Tom gracefully squirms away and plugs a jukebox for *Luckenbach, Texas*. Another patron, Dave Korodi of Columbus, approaches Cousineau and says, "Boy, Tom, I guess this being No. 1 is something you have to get used to." Cousineau drains his bottle of Stroh's and says, laughing, "Well, you can get used to anything."

When Cousineau can slip off into a corner, he props his feet up on a chair and reflects on being No. 1. "How many times in most people's lives does someone walk up and say, 'You're the greatest'?" he asks rhetorically. "That would make anybody feel good—and I feel good. I'll tell you exactly how it feels. Remember how in school two guys would choose up sides, and what it felt like when you were the first one picked? That's it, exactly." He falls silent, thinking, tapping a beer bottle on a table, then adds softly, "I worked awful hard."

A case can be made that nobody anywhere ever worked harder. But because hard work doesn't pay off for everybody, how can he explain his success? Says Cousineau, "I was dropped on my head as a baby."

Gil Brandt, the player personnel director of the Dallas Cowboys, says that more than half of the NFL's 28 teams would have drafted Cousineau No. 1, if given the chance. Buffalo Coach Chuck Knox says, "We had Cousineau rated as the best athlete in the draft, regardless of position."

There was never much doubt around Buffalo or anywhere else that Cousineau would be the No. 1 choice, although it wasn't until April 28, less than a week before the draft, that the Bills made that firm decision. Knox called Cousineau and said, "You're our man." Says Cousineau, "I informed him he was making a wise choice."

People in Buffalo already love Cousineau, partly because he hasn't made fun of the town (one critic sneers, "How could a guy from Cleveland make fun of Buffalo?"), and Tom professes delight with his new team. He jokes that there's only one way he can fail in the pros, and that's "if the snow and bitter cold make me arthritic before my time."

Cousineau's relative anonymity is easy to explain. First, he *is* a linebacker, not a running back or a quarterback. Then, Ohio State has been slipping in recent years—three losses in 1977, four losses and a tie last year. And finally, Woody Hayes not only insisted on being center stage, but he also seldom let anybody even stand on the stage with him. On his television football show, Hayes not only asked the questions of the players, he answered them as well. Thus, a number of Buckeyes who would have gotten more publicity at another school have been similarly unsung.

Although Hayes was fired for slugging a Clemson player at the end of the 1978 Gator Bowl game, he routinely hit his own players, who accepted the punishment in relatively good spirits. Cousineau says the maddest Hayes ever got at him was in the spring game of his junior year, an affair attended by a number of pro scouts. The defense was under orders not to tackle Quarterback Rod Gerald, but in his thoroughgoing exuberance, Cousineau did. Says Cousineau, "Woody came racing across the field hollering, 'You goddam stupid s.o.b.' He had his arm cocked, then he saw it was me, and he knew I wasn't one of the players who needed to be motivated by being hit. So he lowered his aim and hit me in the stomach. I laughed. The pro scouts laughed. Woody didn't laugh."

Nobody laughs at Cousineau's Ohio State statistics. "I wanted to set the records high enough so that they'll never be broken," he says. Maybe he did. In 1978 Cousineau set a record for tackles in one game (36 against Penn State), solo tackles in a season (142), total tackles in a season (244) and career tackles (647). The old career record was 320 by Randy Gradishar in 1973. Dave Adkins, another former OSU linebacker, who played with Cousineau for several years, says, "He was pretty good."

Buffalo is counting on that and a lot more. The Bills had the fifth-worst defense in the NFL last season, and were the poorest in the league against the run. They gave up 354 points, and had a 5–11 record, good for a last-place tie with Baltimore in the AFC East. Knox was instrumental in signing Joe Namath when he was an assistant coach of the Jets in 1964, and he sees a lot of Namath in Cousineau. "Tom has the same star quality about him," Knox says.

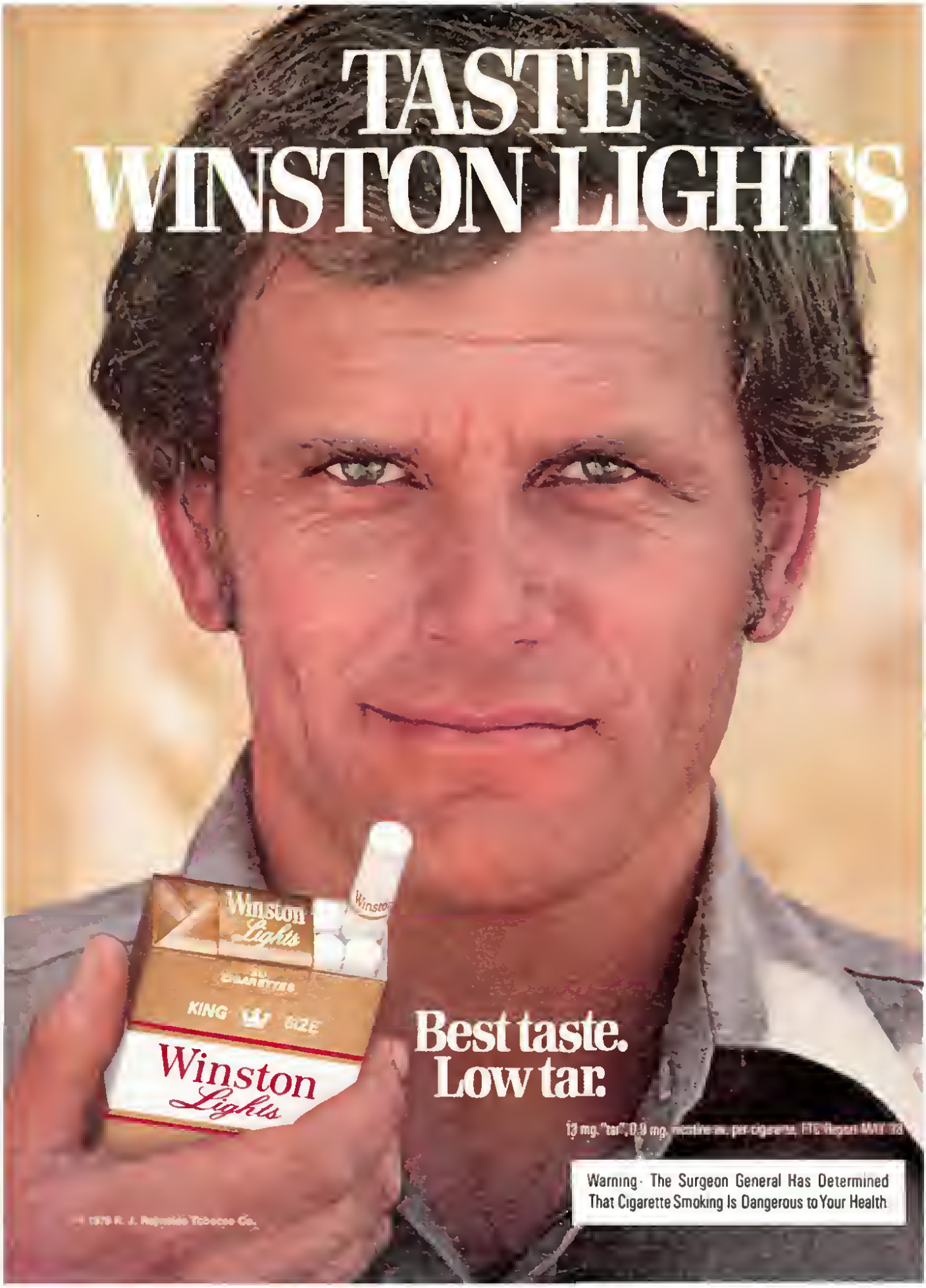
Buffalo's director of college scouting, Norm Pollom, saw Cousineau against Penn State, and after that the Bills had a bead on him. Ideally, the pros like their middle linebackers at about 6′ 2″,

continued



No slouch in the classroom, Cousineau has a 2.9 average as a marketing/public relations major


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225 pounds. Cousineau is 6′ 2⅝″, 232 pounds. With a 4.7 speed for 40 yards, he's also about .2 faster than most fast linebackers. However, like most college linebackers, Cousineau must learn how to play the pass better. On the whole, though, Pollom says, "Everything about him is positive."

It always has been. Growing up in the Cleveland suburb of Fairview Park, he was in the Fairview Park High School district, but St. Edward's High, a parochial school, was the football power. When he mentioned that he was thinking of transferring to St. Edward's, the Fairview Park coach said, "I'd sure hate for you to go over there and get lost in the shuffle." Says Cousineau, "That was enough to send me there immediately." He helped St. Edward's to four years of glory.

Tom's father, Thomas Richard Cousineau, was the football and wrestling coach at Lakewood High, another public school, but Tom couldn't go there because the family didn't live in that district. Thus Tom, who once was the state's second-ranked heavyweight wrestler, although he hated the sport, would sometimes find his own father sitting across the mat and cheering against him. But nothing deflates Cousineau.

"It's all in the way you look at things," Cousineau says. "Somebody asks, 'How are you?' They say, 'Not bad.' I say, 'Pretty good.'"

Four times it was father against son in football, and four times the son won. But the elder Cousineau says, "I know he didn't want to beat me, and that's why I think he always played mediocre against us." Says Tom, "He was my best friend, my pal—and my father." Asked if success might spoil Tom, Hayes says, "Nah, his dad will beat him up if he gets out of line."

Pursued during high school by just about every college that ever pumped up a football, Cousineau narrowed his choices to a predictable three—OSU, Michigan and Penn State. "It was so hard to tell those great coaches no," he says. "But I finally decided there wasn't any reason to go a long way to play when the best football in the country was in my own backyard. I didn't come here because of Woody, though. I came here because Ohio State was bigger than Woody."

It was fortunate for Cousineau that he had such great ability because when he arrived on campus, his hair, which then hung six inches below his helmet, gave Hayes a case of the mutters. As a freshman, Cousineau was one of only two among more than 30 in his class who passed the sprint tests. Duncan Griffin, one of two-time Heisman Trophy winner Archie Griffin's brothers, was the other. Cousineau even started three games, a rarity for a Buckeye freshman. His main shortcoming that year was that he would often brood over his mistakes and carry them into the next play.



No late bloomer. Cousineau had mastered the four-point stance by the time he was five months old.

Why did the short-tempered Hayes put up with him? "Because I played good football," Cousineau says. Still, Hayes pressed him on the hair issue, and Cousineau argued, "It's neat and clean, and I prefer to wear it long. But it will be cut. Sometime."

As he now explains, "It didn't mean anything when it was long, and it didn't mean anything when I got it cut. I'm not a rebel." But when Cousineau finally did get his hair cut, Hayes told him, "You get better looking all the time." Cousineau's countenance also worried Hayes, who often told his team, "I never saw a player who could smile while attacking." Says Cousineau, "That was until he saw me."

Indeed, football is a joy to Tom Cousineau. Totally. Absolutely. The only thing that angers him is that games have to end; they all pass much too quickly. He even likes to practice. And when he talks about football, Cousineau sounds almost evangelistic.

"What I like about football is that every week you go out and prove yourself all over again," he says. "Every play provides not only an opportunity to get knocked down but also the chance to get back up. Isn't it something that I've been playing this game I love for 14 years for nothing and now I'm going to get paid? Look, there are a lot of things more important than football. Heck, nearly everything is more important than football. It's a kid's game. But the thing that is humorous is that I get to keep playing and my friends have to quit."

Cousineau was rather late coming to this philosophy, and as often happens, it sprang from adversity. He had never been hurt, if you don't count his little finger being shattered in eight places against Minnesota in his sophomore year, which he doesn't. Then on the second series of downs against Oklahoma in 1977, his left arm was injured as Cousineau was making a tackle. He was out for the rest of the game, and the next one, too. He was despondent.

"I walked around with a chip on my shoulder," he says. "Or, actually, with a chip off my shoulder. (It turned out later

continued



No renegade, Tom says he was the first player Woody Hayes saw who could smile while attacking

that the shoulder was only severely bruised.] I thought I was going to lose my mind. Then I realized that this wasn't right. What if I were truly disabled? Man, I had to get myself prepared to leave this game at any moment. I decided right then that I could never again take football so seriously. I had let it consume me and that was a mistake. I have a head on my shoulders. I can do lots of things besides play football."

Luckily, he didn't have to. In a couple of weeks he was back raising defensive havoc, despite the hurt. "How much you feel pain depends on your commitment," he says. "I'd rather play, then deal with the pain later."

It is routine for Cousineau to work out so hard in the weight room that he cannot summon the energy to walk outside to his Jeep. While other athletes require several hours to go through the prescribed exercises on a variety of equipment, Cousineau takes less than an hour. Others talk, Cousineau works; others walk around, Cousineau works. George Hill, the former OSU defensive coordinator who now is an assistant with the Philadelphia Eagles, says, "Cousineau has done a tremendous job of conditioning his body and his mind so that he is tremendously competitive at a high level of competency. Coach Hayes has often said he's the finest-conditioned athlete he's ever had."

Cousineau started down this road at the age of 10 when he won a trophy by bench-pressing 100 pounds 10 times in a row. When Ohio State athletes once were tested for body fat—a reading of approximately 15% is tolerated—Cousineau had 3.7%, lowest on the team. Steve Bliss, OSU's conditioning coach, says, "He's like a Ferrari, a beautiful machine. But like a Ferrari, there's always room for fine tuning."

Cousineau is fascinated by his own capabilities. He says, "People have the capacity to do so much more than they do. The things they dream about never get done. That's sad. I'm not a masochist, but I enjoy finding out my limits." That may explain why Cousineau once dived 50 feet off a lighthouse into Lake Erie in the dead of winter. "Very cold," he reports. Or why he twice jumped out of a jet boat that was going 70 mph. "I felt like a skipping rock," he says. Or why he jumps his Jeep over curbs. Or why he plans to go down the Colorado River on a raft this summer, paddle a canoe across Lake Erie and take up bull riding and skydiving.

"I don't have a death wish," he insists, "and I don't feel I have anything to prove. But a lot of people never find out what they can do. I understand, of course, that some people might not consider it important to jump out of a jet boat. But I know what I can do. I'm not a fool."

Is there anything he wouldn't try?

"Sure. I've watched people take a bite out of a glass. Now, that's crazy."

What is also crazy, in Cousineau's view, is all the commotion that surrounded him before the draft. NFL scouts were unhappy with Cousineau because he wouldn't run 40 yards for them—until he was ready to be timed. "They insisted I prove I could run," he says. "They'd been seeing me perform for four years." He told them he would run the 40 in 4.7 seconds—"on my terms." The scouts persisted, and several told him, "If you don't run, you won't get drafted," a fairy tale of enormous proportions.

Finally, three weeks before the draft, Cousineau ran. Time: 4.7. "What did I have to hide?" he sniffs. "My movement is my greatest asset." He delayed, he says, because even though the scouts said that "the time wasn't important," Cousineau knew it was. Further, he knew that if he did a 5.2 on a poor day, that would be his NFL time—forevermore and to his everlasting detriment.

Despite his boundless self-confidence, Cousineau didn't believe he would be No. 1 until Commissioner Pete Rozelle announced it in a blaze of lights at the Waldorf-Astoria. His first thought? "That's me." Then Rozelle said, "Congratulations, Tom. This is a great honor, and I'm sure you'll do well. How's Woody?"

Says Cousineau, "When I think about that day, it makes me smile. I'll never forget it, May 5. Wait, May 3. Wait, I've forgotten. Whatever, that was my little space in time that made me feel good. There might be bigger things happen to me in my life—but there might not."

His agent, Jimmy Walsh, who also represents Richard Todd and Joe Namath, won't talk contract dollars, but says, "I don't anticipate any problems with Buffalo. There are problems only if something is potentially impossible, and there is no degree of impossibility here." What helps is that Buffalo has a reputation for making fair deals and paying good value. In Cousineau's case, good value may be $1 million for five years.

For his part, Cousineau, who is majoring in marketing/public relations and

will graduate this spring on schedule with a 2.9 grade average, smiles a lot when asked what he'll do with the money. "I'm going to make more," he says. "You always hear that money can't buy happiness, but if you put it in the proper perspective, it can put you in a situation to be very happy."

Happiness is a big Cousineau theme. When he and a companion see a man sweeping up some trash in a desolate manner, Cousineau is told that that will be him in three years if he doesn't fly high with the Bills. "It may not be so bad," says Cousineau. "Let's ask him if he's happy."

About the only thing troubling Cousineau these days is the media's continuing interest in a small earring in his left ear and a tattoo on his right calf. "What does either one of these have to do with football?" he says. The short answer is that he wears them both because he wants to. Cousineau's best friend, former OSU Center Doug Porter, explains, "Tom does exactly what he wants to do exactly when he wants to." Of the earring, Cousineau says he wears it because he noticed a country singer wearing one. "The problem is that people are not always ready to accept the fact there's an extra dimension to an athlete," he says, "and I think the difficulty with the earring is the image. Is it wild like a pirate? Is it gay? A rebellion image? For me, it means nothing."

Many Ohio State players have tattoos. Cousineau's is of a shark and the sun. "I wanted to make sure I had a little sunshine in my life every day," he says. Why does he do these things? "I'm just a little bit loose."

Here comes Cousineau now, driving the Renegade down the highway, veering off the road, bouncing along the side in the weeds, back on, off—all the while talking about football. "Americans love football because they like seeing somebody getting knocked on his butt," he says. "A great hit—Wham! Whoooom! They love it. Heck, I love it. It's not vicious. Well, O.K., it can be, I guess. But it's not barbaric. Fans just love to see someone get boned."

And now, late at night in his apartment, he's staring at a parking meter that is on the steps leading upstairs. "It screwed me, so I took it so it wouldn't ever screw anybody else again," he says of the meter. "It seems to me that people say they want more but they settle for less," he goes on. "I won't do that. Not ever. And I'll enjoy myself. More than anything, I like to go out fishing in a place that is so quiet that the only noise you hear is what you make yourself. And one other thing."

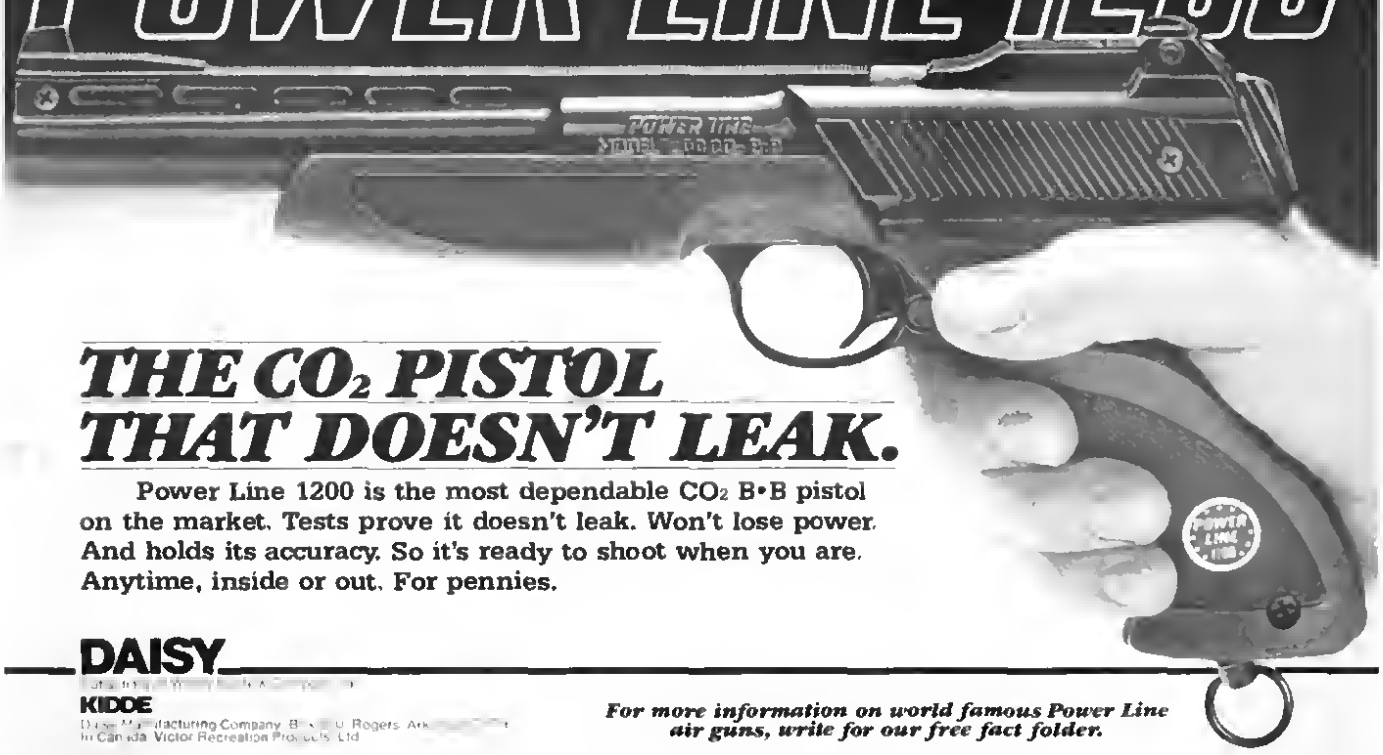
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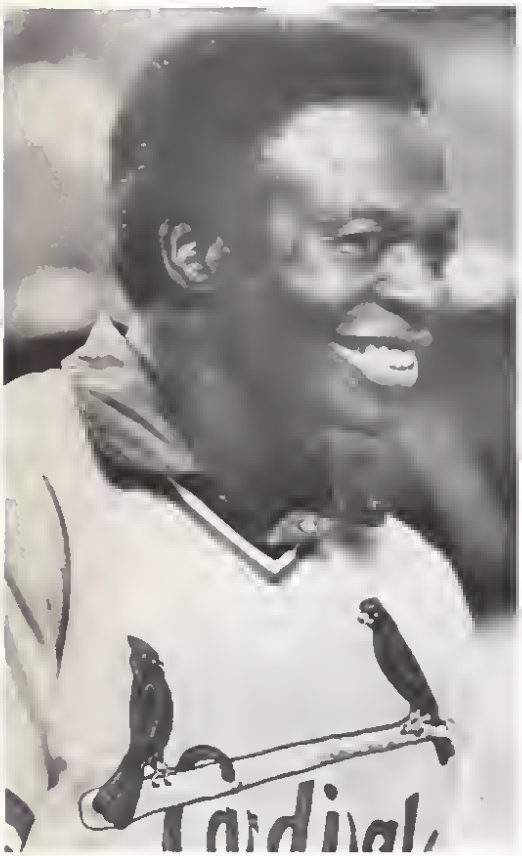
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by Jim Kaplan

Brock still has the old sock

When Lou Brock said he'd retire at the end of this season, it seemed he was giving up the chase for his 3,000th hit. But a hot bat has him in hot pursuit once more

It was good theater. On the mound was Atlanta's Phil Niekro, 40, one of the most popular athletes in the Southeast. A couple of weeks earlier Niekro had won his 200th game for the lowly Braves, thereby certifying himself as a Hall of Fame candidate. At bat was the Cardinals' Lou Brock, 39, one of the most popular athletes in the Midwest. As baseball's single-season (118) and career (919) record holder for stolen bases, he is already certain to make the Hall. While a Mother's Day crowd of 16,762 looked on last Sunday at St. Louis' Busch Memorial Stadium, Brock reached another milestone, one he's been chasing for 18 seasons. He came to bat for the 10,000th time (and flied out).



Lou now needs only 71 hits for the magic 3,000

The 10,000 Club is not exactly the game's most renowned fraternity, its main entrance requirement being survival. But that's just it. To survive through so many at bats, it's not enough for a player to be good; he must also be tough and smart. No wonder that of the 13 men who have batted 10,000 times, only one, Luis Aparicio, is not now—or is not certain to become—a Hall of Famer. Of even more significance to Brock is the fact that membership in the 10,000 Club can only help him gain access to a far more celebrated organization, the 3,000-Hit Club.

And Brock is moving swiftly toward becoming the 14th player—all of them current or assured future Hall of Famers—to get 3,000. Through last Sunday he had played in 24 games this season and had 29 hits, which brought his total to 2,929 and, surprisingly, made him the National League batting leader with a .382 average.

Brock has been doing these things while staging something of a comeback. Going into the 1978 season, he had 2,834 hits, and the 166 needed to attain 3,000 seemed easily in reach during the two more seasons he expected to play. But last year he had just 66 hits, batted .221 and finished the season on the bench. He was still 100 hits short of 3,000. On April 9 of this year, when Brock announced that he would retire at the end of the 1979 season, most people thought he was giving up the chase.

During most of April, Brock did little to dispel this assumption. Benched against lefthanders, he had only 13 hits through April 29. Then in an extraordinary six-game period that began the next day, Brock got 13 hits in 21 at bats, and raised his average from .277 to .382. Suddenly, 3,000 was very much within reach. Now, even if he continues to play part time and levels off at a .250 pace, he will reach 3,000 by Sept. 9, the date long ago selected for Lou Brock Day in St. Louis.

There have been the usual rash of explanations. It has been pointed out that Brock strengthened his legs on a Nautilus machine during the winter and watched videotapes of himself at bat in spring training. It has been said that he is "stroking through" the ball, hitting confidently, aggressively and to all fields, instead of lunging defensively and rolling weak grounders to second, as he did in 1978. But the real explanation, Brock himself maintains, is that there is no explanation at all.

"A top player doesn't fall off a cliff," he says. "It's a gradual decline down a slope. Last year I seemed to fall off a cliff, but because there was nothing physically or mechanically wrong, I knew I would come back."

Brock backs up his argument with some pretty compelling precedents. "A lot of guys—Kaline, Williams, Musial—told me that late in a career things get bad before they get better."

He might have added that you can look it up. Ted Williams fell off to .254 in 1959, but finished his career with a .316 average in 1960. Stan Musial had three consecutive disappointing seasons—.255, .275, .288—in 1959-61. Then, at 42, he nearly won his eighth batting title by hitting .330 in 1962. Al Kaline's lifetime average fell below .300 late in his career, but with the advent of the designated hitter rule, he ended on an upswing, getting 146 hits, including his 3,000th, in 1974.

"I'm not obsessed with 3,000," Brock says. "I've always said I didn't believe in records, but people disbelieve me." Now they aren't so skeptical. "It's mainly a pride thing," says Cardinal Manager Ken Boyer. "He's always been motivated by winning teams, and he wanted to go out

continued

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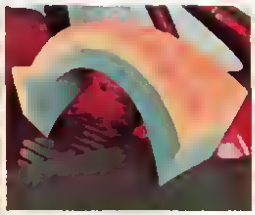
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as part of a team resurgence." To the contrary, Brock says, somewhat immodestly, winning teams have been motivated by him. The record can be viewed either way. After Brock was traded by the Cubs to the Cardinals on June 15, 1964, he hit .348 in 103 games and helped St. Louis win a world championship. In 1967, when the Cards won their next World Series, he hit .299 and had career highs in homers (21) and RBIs (76). In three World Series he batted .391. Conversely, in 1978, the fifth-place Cardinals had their worst record since 1924—and Brock had his worst ever.

This year's third-place team (17–14) seems to be a great improvement. In addition to Brock's hitting, the late-inning play has been tighter, the relief pitching has been better, and two players who were not healthy at this point in '78 have made major contributions, Tony Scott with a .314 average and George Hendrick with .308.

Despite denying interest in statistics, Brock is not about to cancel his application for the 3,000-Hit Club, if only because admission would settle a long-standing grievance. "I've always been thought of as a base stealer, not a hitter," says Brock, who has two steals in six attempts this year. "But stealing is an option. Hitting is a necessity."

Although his lifetime average is .293, Brock's hitting has been easy to overlook because it's difficult to categorize. With only 145 career home runs, he's not a slugger—but neither is he a classic singles hitter, as his 610 career doubles and triples attest. In fact, his extra-base hits and his steals combine to make him the leader among active players in earned bases (total bases plus steals) with 5,032. He is 12th on the all-time list in this obscure but revealing category, and those ahead of him have names like Aaron, Cobb and Ruth.

"If I have any regret," he says, "it's that I've tried to hit balls off the corner of the world. I once hit a tremendous homer into the centerfield stands at the Polo Grounds, and I've been trying to do it again ever since." As a result, Brock has the fourth-highest strikeout total (1,698) in history.

But beyond his considerable skills as a hitter, what has made 3,000 a possibility for Brock are conditioning and common sense. He is a moderate eater and drinks nothing stronger than wine. "He had a severely sprained ankle in 1975, but he was ready to pinch-hit a week later," says Cardinal Trainer Gene Gieselmann. "I can't remember Lou having a pulled muscle in my 10 years with the club." In one of the few manifestations of Brock's advancing age—he looks 10 years younger than he is—last week he had a slightly sprained ankle and a strained muscle in his right thigh. He sat out several games, but made his infrequent tries at the plate count by going 6 for 12.

Except for such nagging aches, it would seem that the only thing that may prevent Brock from reaching 3,000 is that he's traditionally a fast starter who tends to slump later in the season. For example, he was hitting .328 in early May of 1978 and then dropped off to that horrendous .221. And big accomplishments—even those seemingly inevitable—can become elusive under the burden of pressure. In 1962 Musial went 0 for 15 before tying Honus Wagner's record for most hits by a National Leaguer and 0 for 9 before breaking it. Brock himself had no trouble in the late going while breaking Maury Wills' record for most steals in a season in 1974, but he was 5 for 46 in 1977 when in close pursuit of Ty Cobb's career-steals mark.

Brock is unlikely to have the 502 plate appearances required to qualify for the 1979 batting title, but even with little injuries and big pressure, he should get the 71 hits he needs to reach 3,000. If he falls a few short, he would have to unretire and return for as many games as necessary in 1980. His pride would be injured by such an eventuality. "It hasn't even entered my thinking," says Brock.

THE WEEK

(May 6-12)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Lou Brock was not the only productive oldtimer. Pete Rose, 38, batted .379, drove in six runs and enabled first-place Philadelphia (5–2) to beat San Diego 9–8 by hitting a two-run single in the sixth inning and a two-run double in the 12th. Rose was third in the league in batting with a .348 average. Pitching the final four innings of that game was 40-year-old Jim Kaat, who got his 262nd victory and was then sold to the Yankees so that Larry Christenson, who has recuperated from a fractured collarbone suffered in the off-season, could be taken off the disabled list. The Phillies wrapped up a four-game sweep in San Diego with a 2–0 triumph, in which Dick Ruthven (6–0) allowed only a seventh-inning double by Dan Briggs, and a 3–2 decision, in which Ron Reed saved Nino Espinosa's fifth win. Espinosa, who began the week by trimming the Dodgers 4–0, has the best ERA (1.26) of any starter in either league.

"We're the Rolls-Royce of the league right now," said Ellis Valentine of Montreal (3–3) in one of his rare comments to the media. Giving the Expos a luxury-car look were Gary Carter, whose grand slam floored the Padres 7–5, and slick pitching by Scott Sanderson and Steve Rogers. Using a cross-seam fastball taught him by Pitching Coach Jim Brewer, Sanderson muffled the Giants 4–0, striking out nine batters and yielding only a bloop single in the first inning. Two days later, Rogers held the Giants to three hits and won 3–0 with the aid of Rodney Scott's first homer in 719 big-league at bats.

Despite assorted tribulations—Shortstop Garry Templeton suffered an injury to his right wrist that might shelve him for about a week, and Ted Simmons and Keith Hernandez were ejected during the ninth inning of a 16-inning 5–4 loss in Houston—St. Louis (4–2) moved into third place. The Cardinals lost that game to the Astros even though Tony Scott had five hits, two RBIs and three stolen bases. Reliever Mark Littell's return to "visualization" seemed to help. Visualization is a meditation period in which Littell conjures up game situations he is apt to encounter. "I started it in 1973 as a sort of a guinea pig for three doctors in the Kansas City instructional camp, and the next season I was 16–6 at Omaha," Littell says. Last week he visualized himself to his first save of the season.

Sudden turnabouts gave Chicago (3–3) a lift. Ken Holtzman's prolonged comeback paid off when the 33-year-old lefty defeated Houston 2–0 on six hits. Besides pitching his first complete game since 1976, Holtzman banged out three hits. Also taking a turn for the better was a long and apparently foul ball hit by Tim Blackwell that was blown fair by a Wrigley Field gust. Blackwell legged out a triple on that drive and scored on Scot Thompson's pinch single for a 14–13 win over Atlanta.

Light hitters Omar Moreno and Tim Foli of Pittsburgh (3–3) combined for 15 hits as the Bucs took two of three games in Atlanta. Foli had four RBIs in a 17–9 drubbing of the Braves, in which four Pirates and one Brave were given the thumb. The last to go was Pittsburgh's massive Dave Parker, who grabbed Reliever Gene Garber after being hit by a pitch. Next up was John Milner, who shook up Garber further with a grand slam homer. With two on, two out and Cincinnati leading 2–1 in the seventh, the Reds argued that Willie Stargell had swung and missed for strike three. The umpires, however, ruled no swing.

continued

Back for another try, Stargell singled in the tying run. Moreno then drove in another for a 3–2 Pirate victory. Stargell, smirking, said there was no reason to question the call. "Maybe it was the dark bat I used," he said, "or this black shirt or my black arms that made the Reds think they saw something."

A four-run eighth-inning rally gave New York (2–5) a 5–4 win in San Francisco. With the aid of Richie Hebner's first RBI since April 30 and relief from Skip Lockwood, Kevin Kobel was a 4–0 winner in San Diego.

PHIL 21–9 MONT 19–10 ST.L 16–14
CHI 14–13 PITT 12–16 NY 10–19

NL WEST Reliever Pedro Borbon of Cincinnati (4–2) reportedly bit a bouncer during a recent scuffle at a discothèque. "I apologized," Borbon said. He didn't have to apologize for his pitching, which included six innings of one-run relief during a 17–5 romp over Houston. Champ Summers had five RBIs in that game for the Reds, who later ended the Astros' 25-day stay in first place.

For the first time in 20 outings, Houston (3–5) got a complete-game victory. It came from Ken Forsch, who beat the Cubs 11–3.

Los Angeles (6–1), which at the start of the week hadn't scored a run in 24 innings or gotten a save in 21 days, got ample helpings of both. Steve Garvey ended the runless drought with the first of 13 Dodger home runs. Both Garvey and Ron Cey homered three times as the Dodgers won six straight games while scoring 40 times. In a move similar to the Yankees' shift of Ron Guidry, the Dodgers tried Bob Welch in relief. Like Guidry, Welch did the job, picking up two saves and a win. In a 7–0 victory over Montreal, Doug Rau came within four outs of a no-hitter. It was broken up by a single by Chris Speier, who four years earlier had ruined another Rau no-hitter in the eighth.

With his slider crackling through the strike zone, Ed Halicki of the Giants (3–3) beat the Phillies 4–1 on a two-hitter.

There was a big flap in San Diego after station KGB fired its famed Chicken, Ted Giannoulas, in a squabble over when and where he can wear his costume. Padre rooters chanted, "We want the Chicken," and when a substitute fowl appeared, the fans became so angry that the ersatz bird had to be rushed away by security guards. Meanwhile, the Padres (1–6) played like a bunch of turkeys before salvaging a 2–1 win over the Mets.

After starter Larry McWilliams hurt his arm in the second inning, Adrian Devine of Atlanta (2–4) came on to toss six innings of scoreless relief and earn a 3–0 triumph in St. Louis. The Braves' other victory occurred when Buddy Solomon beat the Pirates 4–1.

CIN 18–13 HOUS 19–15 LA 17–18
SF 16–17 SD 13–21 ATL 10–20

AL EAST Some players are in the majors only long enough for the proverbial "cup of coffee." Well, Dennis Martinez of Baltimore (5–2) was in the big leagues for more than two seasons before he got his cup of java. He drank it after the first inning against the Angels because he had the blahs—and then, wide awake, he went on to pitch a 6–0, two-hit victory in which his last delivery was clocked at a game-high 90 mph. Martinez (4–2) subsequently beat Oakland 3–1 on three hits. Mike Flanagan (6–2) was also a double winner, defeating Oakland 8–2 and Seattle 4–2. Helping Flanagan to his first victory were Eddie Murray, Lee May and Gary Roenicke, who hit consecutive homers.

Trailing Baltimore by a game was Boston (4–3), which got 12 RBIs from Butch Hobson. The Red Sox supported Mike Torrez with 27 hits as he beat the Angels 9–4 and the A's 8–2. Jerry Remy had seven of those hits, including five in Torrez' second win. Fred Lynn's two home runs gave him 13, tops in either league.

Gorman Thomas of Milwaukee (4–2) raised his homer total to 10 with two blasts, and Lary Sorensen ran his record to 5–3, giving up only nine hits while winning twice.

Ron Guidry of New York (5–2) continued to sparkle in relief with a win and a save. In 5⅔ innings, Guidry struck out nine batters and gave up two hits. The new ace among the Yankee starters, Tommy John, beat Seattle 8–1 for his seventh win without a loss.

No starting pitcher lasted more than 6⅓ innings for Detroit (2–4). But the Tigers were heartened by the performance of Mark Fidrych. The Bird went 5⅓ innings against Milwaukee, which tagged him for eight hits and four runs in a 5–1 Brewer victory. Almost all of the damage came in the final third of an inning when Fidrych tired.

A five-run bottom-of-the-ninth rally gave Cleveland (3–3) a 5–4 win over Kansas City, the final run coming across when Rick Manning walked with the bases full.

Toronto General Manager Pat Gillick turned down an offer of a similar post on the Braves, saying, "We have a big job to finish with the Jays." The job got bigger last week when Toronto lost all five of its games and its best pitcher, Jim Clancy, had surgery on a dislocated tendon in his right ankle.

BALT 22–11 BOS 20–11 MIL 20–13 NY 17–15
DET 11–15 CLEV 10–20 TOR 8–24

AL WEST There were Twins on first and second with none out in the sixth inning of a 0–0 game against the Indians as Glenn Adams stepped up. When he was given the hit sign rather than the bunt signal he expected, Adams thought, "Wow, No. 4 [Manager Gene Mauch] is going cuckoo." Adams gladly took his cut and homered, and the Twins were on their way to a 4–0 victory that gave Jerry Koosman his sixth win without a loss. As for Mauch, he hadn't gone cuckoo, he has simply become a believer in Minnesota's long-ball prowess. The Twins, who hit only 82 home runs last season, have been explosive of late. Last week's 10-homer barrage gave them 34 so far, and they have homered in a club-record 13 straight games. Five Twin home runs, including two each by Craig Kusick and Roy Smalley, who now has eight, buried Toronto 16–6. Mike Marshall relieved three times, gave up one hit in five innings and earned his fifth and sixth wins. Marshall, who also has nine saves and an 0.77 ERA, has had a hand in 15 of Minnesota's 22 triumphs.

California (3–4) fell 4½ games behind the Twins, but it could have been worse. Jim Barr, pitching only because Frank Tanana was ailing and Nolan Ryan had returned home to be with his injured son, beat New York 4–1. Don Baylor's three-run homer gave Barr all the runs he needed.

Nifty pitching buoyed Texas (3–3). Jon Matlack's first win of the season was a 3–1, six-hit defeat of Toronto. In other games Reliever Sparky Lyle earned his fifth save and Jim Kern came out of the bullpen three times to retire 14 of the 15 men he faced.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAVE CONCEPCION: The 30-year-old Cincinnati shortstop batted .429, hit four homers, scored 11 times, drove in a dozen runs and stole five bases as the Reds took over first place in the National League West.

For Kansas City (3–4), the week was a disaster. Pitches by Ed Farmer of Texas broke Second Baseman Frank White's hand and Outfielder Al Cowens' jaw. Reliever Steve Mingori was put on the disabled list with a sore arm; and starter Dennis Leonard was out with an aching elbow. And some of the healthy Royals were struggling. Erstwhile bullpen ace Al Hrabosky, pitching a total of just one inning in three outings, faced 15 batters and gave up 11 hits, one walk and six runs. Hal McRae has hit .167 in his last 19 games, and George Brett .208 in his last 24.

Manager Don Kessinger of Chicago (4–3) became so desperate for a lefthanded reliever that he used his best starter, Ken Kravec, to get the final out in a 5–4 win in Detroit. Three days before that and two days after, Kravec started and won. He beat Texas 3–0 on three singles and then went 6⅔ innings to earn a 5–3 victory over Kansas City.

Both Oakland and Seattle lost five of seven. Seven RBIs by Dan Meyer, plus 6⅓ innings of one-run relief by Rick Honeycutt, helped the Mariners beat New York 12–4.

MINN 22–8 CAL 19–14 TEX 17–13 KC 17–15
CHI 15–16 OAK 12–21 SEA 10–24

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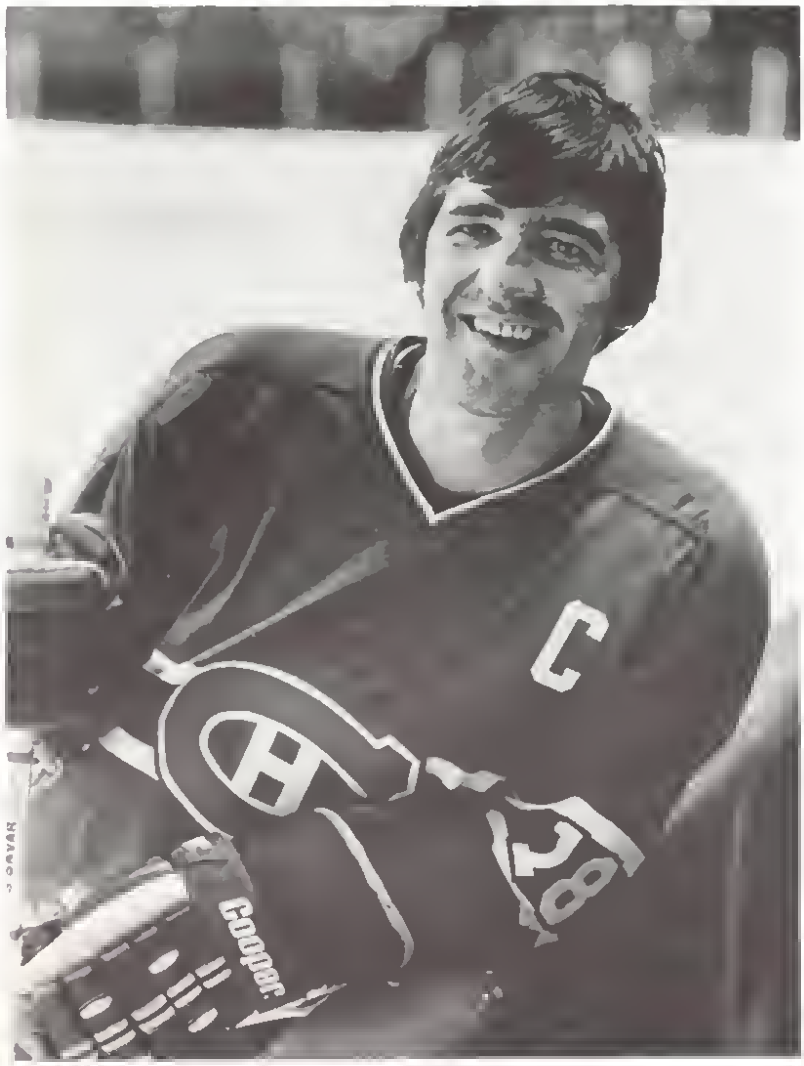
A woolly week for Serge

Captain Serge Savard's Canadiens gained the Stanley Cup finals by beating Boston in overtime, then his pacer placed third and the Rangers beat Montreal in Game 1

It had been four years and two days since the Montreal Canadiens faced elimination from the Stanley Cup playoffs, but there they were last Thursday night, teetering on the brink of disaster in their game at the Forum with the Boston Bruins. The semifinal series stood at three games apiece—the home team had won every game—and the winner would advance to the finals against the precocious New York Rangers, who had completed their devastating upset of the top-seeded New York Islanders two nights before.

The Bruins, a gutsy team the Canadiens had soundly beaten the past two years in the Stanley Cup finals, hadn't won in the Forum since October 1976—14 straight games—but now, leading 3–1 after two periods, they seemed to be on the verge of ending their jinx. Boston's backup goaltender, Gilles Gilbert, who had sparked the Bruins to three wins in four games after Montreal had beaten Gerry Cheevers in the first two, was making one scintillating save after another. Captain Wayne Cashman, whose sore back was so tender he had to take pregame injections to kill the pain, had scored two goals and an assist, and with 20 minutes to play, even the most diehard Forum fanatics feared that the game was Boston's.

A successful businessman off the ice, Savard has played for seven Cup champions in 12 NHL seasons



However, things were seen a little differently in Montreal's dressing room. "We forgot that it was 3–1," said 33-year-old Defenseman Serge Savard, the Montreal captain, "and decided to work hard for the next goal. Then, when we got that, we knew that one lucky shot would tie it. As an athlete, you never think you will lose."

So, at 6:10 of the third period, the confident and incomparable Guy Lafleur burst past Mike Milbury, one of Boston's tiring defensemen, and swooped around the Bruin net. As the flow came toward him, Lafleur passed the puck against the grain to Mark Napier, who slapped it just inside the near post. The Boston lead was now 3–2. Two minutes later, on a Montreal power play, Lafleur set up Guy Lapointe in a similar manner, and Lapointe, who was later carried from the ice on a stretcher with a badly sprained knee, tied the game at 3–3 with a shot that went past the screened Gilbert.

Rick Middleton put the Bruins back on top with 3:59 to play, but, astonishingly, Boston was penalized for having too many men on the ice, and with only 1:14 to play, Lafleur took the one lucky shot that Savard had talked about. Coming over the blue line, Jacques Lemaire dropped a pass to Lafleur, who slapped the puck on the fly, driving it past Gilbert into the lower left corner of the net.

Superstars like Lafleur do such things, saving their finest moments for the times of greatest need under maximum exposure. They have that knack. Just plain stars do wonderful things when the pressure is not quite so intense. Savard's role

continued

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in the Canadiens' winning goal, which came at 9:33 of sudden death, is a case in point.

The hig, dry-humored Canadien was defending alone against Middleton, and as Middleton tried to cut to the inside, about 35 feet in front of Montreal Goaltender Ken Dryden, Savard deftly took the puck off his stick. He wheeled and passed instantly to Rejean Houle, who in turn tipped the puck to Mario Tremhlay. Tremblay hroke around Boston Defenseman Al Sims and passed the puck across the crease to Yvon Lambert, who then rapped it through Gilbert's legs and into the goal to give the Canadiens a stunning 5–4 win and a berth in the finals. Savard, who was still at center ice when the goal was scored, didn't earn an assist on the play he had started, hut he couldn't have cared less.

Quietly, cleanly, dependably, Savard had done his usual outstanding work. He had killed penalties, played forward on the power play—an unusual move that Coach Scotty Bowman made to give his team more muscle in front of the Bruin net—and had been on the ice for all five Montreal goals. He had also prohahly saved the game for the Canadiens back in the first period when he stopped a shot hy Stan Jonathan after Jonathan had deked Dryden out of the net.

Totally exhausted after the Boston series, the Canadiens postponed Game 1 of the finals from Saturday night at 8 p.m. to Mother's Day at 4 p.m. in order to get an extra night's rest, hut as it turned out only their motbers could have appreciated their performance. The Rangers, written off in the Montreal press as pretenders who would fall in four straight, produced a convincing 4–1 victory, the same score hy which they had upset the Islanders in the opening game of *that* series.

Leading 2–1 midway through the game, the Rangers sealed their victory when Defenseman Larry Rohinson, who had a terrible game, failed to clear the puck and Phil Esposito beat Dryden from the slot. Moments later, Dave Maloney completed the insult by scoring the Rangers' sixth shorthanded goal of the playoffs—an NHL record.

"We gave the Rangers three goals like you give up in junior hockey," Savard moaned afterward, recalling the three pass interceptions that tbe opportunistic Rangers converted into goals. "We didn't play a disciplined game, and now they're going to be tough to beat. They're a much better club than the Bruins."

Savard has sleepy, Sad Sack eyes that become boyisb when he smiles, something he was not doing after the loss to the Rangers. His movements are slow and thorough, almost studied, like those of a man who can spread cold butter on his hread without tearing holes in it. Savard doesn't waste much energy, on or off the ice. "Serge realizes that he has a lot of ice time ahead of him in games, and he paces himself a little," says Dryden.

Savard has made a career out of controlling situations without hringing a great deal of attention to himself. He skates with long, awkward strides, almost as if his hlades were slipping, and he hunches over a stick that appears too short for him. But try to race him. "There's not too many guys on that Canadien cluh that can beat him once around the ice," says former teammate Don Awrey. "Lafleur included."

The 6′ 2″, 210-pound Savard is a prototype of what general managers now consider the thoroughhred of the species—the hig, mohile defenseman. It is generally accepted that because the Canadiens have three such defenders—Savard, Lapointe and Robinson—they have taken a long lease on the Stanley Cup. But while Lapointe has made the first or second all-star team four times, and Robinson twice, Savard, who seores fewer points hut plays more defense, has never been selected for that honor. "It's a joke," says Awrey.

To Savard, the slight amounts to little more than an amusing comment on the writers' knowledge of the game. "I play in L.A. twice, Colorado twice. What do they see?" he says. "The guy there picks up the paper at the end of the year and sees who's scored the most points. It doesn't bother me. It seems to hother everyone else, because now I'm asked that question all the time. I am appreciated here. That's what matters to me."

There was a time when Savard was expected to hlossom into a rushing, high-scoring defenseman à la Bobby Orr, but he shattered his left leg in 1970 and hroke it again less than a year later.

One of only three Canadiens to play every game this season, Savard saves his offensive hursts for the right moments. "He plays the game the way the score is," says Claude Ruel, the Canadiens' assistant coach. "He understands the game. He understands when you need a goal and when you need to stop a goal." Because the Canadiens are not often in the position in which they found themselves against the Bruins, Savard normally spends most of his time concentrating on defense. Says Bowman, "He plays with his head."

Behind that slow smile and crooked nose is a clever mind. The mind of an entrepreneur. Savard is a most unusual fellow. He made himself wealthy between 1969 and 1976 as a licensed distributor of lottery tickets until the provincial government took over the operation. In 1974 Savard persuaded teammates Yvan Cournoyer and Lapointe to join him and 12 other investors in the purchase of a hockey-stick company; last fall they sold it for a whopping profit. Savard also is the puhlisher of a Montreal weekly, *L'Image de la Rive Sud* (The South Shore Image), which has 34 employees and a circulation of 120,000; he now is thinking about starting similar weeklies in other sections of the city. Then there are Savard's four harness horses, one of whom, Keith Lobell, won $98,570 in 1978 as a 2-year-old.

Asked how he has time to follow his husinesses and still play hockey, Savard grins and answers, "How did Howard Hughes run his businesses and still have time to hide?"

Sitting in the dressing room after the dramatic win over Boston, Savard puffed on a cigar as the reporters descended on him. "What shall we talk ahout?" he asked them. "Horses?" He did. Keith Lobell was racing the next night at Roosevelt Raceway, which is owned by the same conglomerate that owns the Rangers. He was a 6–1 shot, but Savard knew his colt would win. He was clearly the hest horse. New Yorkers were dunderheads for not making him the favorite.

"I'd like to fly down and see old Keith tomorrow," Savard said. "That's a hig race—a $20,000 purse. We only get $17,000 for winning the Stanley Cup."

Alas, the colt finished third, and on Sunday Keith Lobell's owner finished second—in a two-team field. **END**

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WE ARE DRIVEN

by Clive Gammon



Back home in Baltimore's Dundalk section after the Derby, Ronnie got a hero's welcome from his folks

Cock of the walk in Dundalk

Even the women in Marian Franklin's yoga class joined in the triumphant celebration for her son, the jockey

Judged merely by results, Ronnie Franklin didn't have the greatest of afternoons at Pimlico last Thursday. In the fifth race, on an even-money favorite, he had only finished fourth. In the ninth, he was even farther back in the pack. But afterward, in the jockeys' room, he was displaying one of his ear-to-ear grins. "Ain't this the real summer weather?" he said.

The grin was just barely visible; threatening to obscure it completely was the bouquet of carnations, black-eyed Susans and dahlias that he was clutching, and which extended from waist to chin. It had been ordered for him by some ladies in Denver. "Now, wasn't that real nice of them?" he asked.

Pretty much everything was real nice for Franklin last week in the short spell he would have to enjoy his homecoming before the pressures built up for Saturday's Preakness.

"I love being here," he said. "Not just people and friends. I love this race track, riding where I started. I *love* it. It's got a good bottom to it, solid. It's a little cuppy around the gate today; they could use a little water. But it's great on the rail. Don't trouble about those races today. I just didn't have enough horse to get home."

By now, bouquet and all, he was working through the people who wanted to shake his hand as he made his way across the ground-floor concourse to where his car was parked. The TV showed a payoff of $31,113.00 on the last triple. "Wouldn't you've liked to have three bucks on that, Ronnie?" a bystander called out.

"Nah," Franklin came back euphorically. "Three thousand!"

In the car, heading out to his parents' home in the Dundalk section of Baltimore, he sang along happily with the radio, "Every time I think of you. . . ." Then, suddenly, "You know Mr. Driver—the principal of my old high school? He wrote to my mother. They want to have a Ronnie Franklin Day there." Considering that it was an all-too-noticeable *lack* of Ronnie Franklin days—attendancewise—that caused considerable friction toward the end of the young jockey's high school career (he left when he was in the 11th grade), this seemed handsome of Mr. Driver.

A few minutes later, the talk turned serious. After Franklin had ridden Spectacular Bid to victory in the Kentucky Derby, press comment had been mainly positive. But some critics claimed he didn't ride that well, that he had given up ground unnecessarily early in the race. "I didn't lose that much ground," he said. "I was only about two horses out. Maybe I could have been a little closer in, but my horse was on a good surface. You've got to find that good stuff. Didn't you see those other jocks' horses skipping and jumping?

"I knew where the good going was on the track. I'd *studied* it in those earlier races. Five or six feet out from the rail it was perfect—well, it was still a little cuppy, but it was better than closer in. My horse don't care too much what sort of a track he's on, but I thought it was good to take him out some, save him for the

continued

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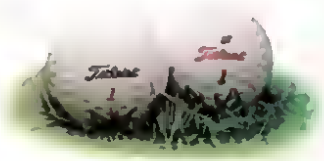
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stretch run. I knew that he'd draw off and win."

A sign at the side of the road said, WELCOME TO DUNDALK, and Ronnie was once again savoring the delights of being home after more than five months on the road—except for a week after the Florida Derby. "That's Golden Ring Mall," he pointed out with all the pride of a local Rotarian. "That's a *big* mall. Ain't it a nice place?"

Well, certainly Dundalk is by no means the grim place that has been described by those too diligently seeking out a rags-to-riches saga in the Franklin story. It is a well-tended, entirely respectable section, though it is clearly not affluent and most of the houses are small, as is the one on Ormand Road where Ronnie's parents have lived for 25 years.

The living room is beginning to fill up with trophies and photographs of Ronnie, the most prominent being an early one, a large, hand-crocheted portrait of his first winner—in fact, his first mount, Pioneer Pattie, that he rode at Bowie on Feb. 4, 1978. It is the work of his Aunt Marie Kulig, his father's sister, and Marian, Ronnie's mother, is quick to point out that this was the beginning of a penchant for the number four, which he rode under in the Kentucky Derby.

"His sister Carolyn was 24 that day [in 1978] and the horse paid $24.40," said Mrs. Franklin. "His sister Nancy was 21 on May 4, the day before the Derby." She searched around for some other remarkable fours to add to the collection, but Ronnie had remembered the bouquet from Denver and was bringing it in from the car. Before his mother could ask about the flowers, Ronnie was halfway out of the house again, on his way to Merritt Beach, close to home, where his teenage crowd used to meet in the old days.

But he is no longer as free as he was then. "You have to be at the store by seven," his mother called after him. That evening he was committed to autograph pictures at a large department store in the neighborhood.

"You know," his mother said after he had left, "last year, when I saw Stevie Cauthen riding out to the start of the Derby, and they played *My Old Kentucky Home*, I sat there crying. I felt so good for the boy. I never dreamed that in a year it would be Ronnie."

Nor, indeed, that she would be sitting in a box close to the finish line at Churchill Downs. Tony, her husband, took time off from his job as a steelworker at American Can and they drove down. The nearest accommodations they could get were in Erlanger, Ky., 70 miles from the track, and it was midnight before they sat down to dinner after the race. Following the excitement of the win and the drinks in the Directors' Room, they found that they had no clear idea of where they had parked their car. It wasn't until 10 p.m. that they left Louisville.

Maybe for them, as it was for Ronnie, the homecoming was the best thing of all. The neighbors had readied their houses with signs. DUNDALK IS PROUD OF YOU, RON; COME ON, RON AND AID, ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO; WELCOME HOME, CHAMP!; and the like. When Mrs. Franklin got to her yoga class last week, the ladies greeted her with yet another placard, which read, BEHIND EVERY GREAT BOY IS A GREAT MOTHER! And, among much mail, there was a discreet note of congratulation from the local Cadillac dealer, who clearly felt that the Franklins were just about ready to move into his orbit.

Tony had had a call from the plant manager at American Can. Perhaps he and Marian would care to go out to dinner with a vice-president of the company when he came down to watch the Preakness?

Sudden glory. And there was more of it when the Franklins went out to dinner at a local restaurant that night. One after another, strangers approached them, some elaborately polite. "Pardon this intrusion," a lady said, "but we had to speak to *you*. We live *right* in this section."

"You have a nice boy," said another stranger. "Don't let Mr. Delp chastise him too much."

Mrs. Franklin laughed at the reference to Bud Delp, Spectacular Bid's trainer, but it did remind her of something that has caused her a good deal of unhappiness over the past few months—the assumption that her son had quit home to live as Delp's "third son," supposedly because the home his own parents could offer him was inadequate.

To be fair, this upsets Delp as much as it does Marian Franklin. Last week he said wearily, "This has all gone too far. I love Ronnie, but he's *not* my son. I've *got* two sons."

What Ronnie will tell you himself negates all the busybody notions. For instance, when he started to work at Pimlico for Delp, and before a room was arranged for him there, Tony Franklin would be up at 4:30 a.m. to drive his son to the track, and Marian Franklin would be there to get Ronnie home.

More than two years ago, when Ronnie was at the Middleburg, Va. Training Center where Delp had sent him along with a group of young horses, he called home on Thanksgiving Day. He wanted desperately to be home for dinner. Unquestioningly, Tony drove the 100 miles to Middleburg to pick him up, then drove him back that night.

Such examples could be multiplied many times. When he was 14, Ronnie went to Palo Alto, Calif. to stay with his uncle, Ray Franklin, who once built cars for Parnelli Jones. Ronnie liked it so much he asked his parents if he could stay and go to school there. That experiment lasted two months before he was on the road to Dundalk again. "He can only stay away from home so long," his mother says. "Then he has to get back."

But, says Mrs. Franklin firmly, "The best place he could be now is with Bud Delp. It's very good for him to be with Bud, living in the racing atmosphere."

Later in the evening, the strength of the Franklin family is revealed. In an impromptu reunion, no fewer than 25 members of it appear at the department store to support Ronnie in his picture-signing chore, right down to 5-year-old Walter Anthony Cullum, who wears a T shirt emblazoned RONNIE FRANKLIN. MY UNCLE. He also twirls a pair of racing goggles—the ones, in fact, that Ronnie wore at Churchill Downs, still dusty from the track. "Got 'em off Ronnie's horse hat," he explains nonchalantly.

Ronnie sits there, smiling and signing autographs. The line moves forward slowly, like cars in California waiting for gas. A non-horseman, an out-of-towner evidently, looks on curiously for a moment, then says to his wife disdainfully, "He's a hero if you're a horse lover from Maryland, I suppose." He looks closer. "Hey," he says, "he's giving out autographs! I'm getting one for Bernie!"

Bernie? A horse lover from Maryland, no doubt. **END**

by Barry McDermott



Dressed to sell, Grinker auctions his wares

Sort of a court of last resort

Ron (Don't Call Me an Agent) Grinker showcased his clients at Riverfront Coliseum, hoping to find them a future



Kevin Loughery (left), Charles Theokas and Gene Tormohlen check out the goods—and the bads

Dreams were for sale on the floor, while up in the stands clusters of potential buyers looked over the goods and jotted notations in preparation for next month's NBA draft. The pro basketball world can be a flesh market at times, and last week in Cincinnati the marketplace was humming.

The 17,900 seats in the Riverfront Coliseum were deserted, save for the scattered men with their omnipresent note pads—the emissaries of the NBA, as well as representatives from the Harlem Globetrotters and several minor leagues. The casting call had been made by Ron Grinker, a Cincinnati lawyer. "*Schleppers*," he calls the auditioning players—that is, guys who are good, but not good enough to rate a star on an NBA shopping list.

Most of the 32 players were Grinker's clients and had paid their own expenses, although one, Tony Price, of the University of Pennsylvania, was sponsored by two unspecified NBA teams. Price led Penn to the final four in the recent NCAA basketball tournament, but because his airplane connections were fouled up, he didn't play in the Aloha Classic, one of the major postseason all-star games in which many pro prospects receive their final marks. Forward Sam Drummer of Georgia Tech also was in Cincinnati. In Hawaii he had played so poorly that he was looking for redemption. Drummer is from Muncie, Ind., also the home of Ron Bonham, who starred for two NCAA championship teams at the University of Cincinnati in the early '60s. Bonham returned to Muncie after a short career in the NBA and took a job with the town's recreation department. "He ran a swimming pool," says Drummer, hoping for a better fate.

There are other showcase camps around the country, but none is on the scale of Grinker's, which features seven different workouts over a four-day period. There were free uniforms and shoes for the players, the Riverfront Coliseum didn't charge rent and NBA referees Mike Mathis and Blane Reichelt worked without a fee. The players were split into three teams and had their own coaches: Rick Pitino of Boston University, Gene Littles of North Carolina A&T and Stan Evans, a former assistant coach at Indiana State.

The coaches in the stands included Gene Shue of San Diego, New York's Red Holzman, New Jersey's Kevin Loughery and Tom Nissalke of Houston. Vice-President Wayne Embry of Milwaukee and General Managers Pat Wil-

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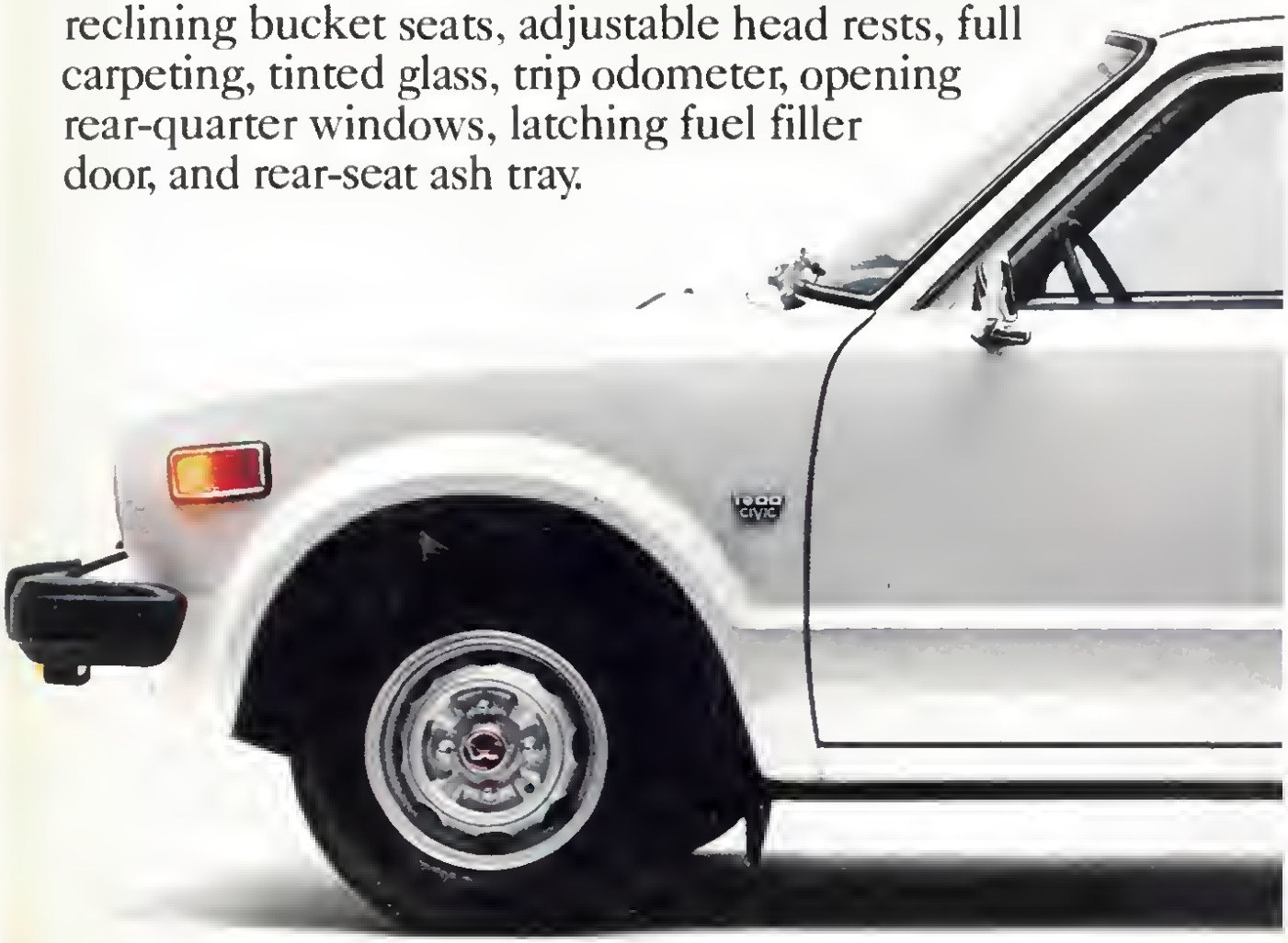
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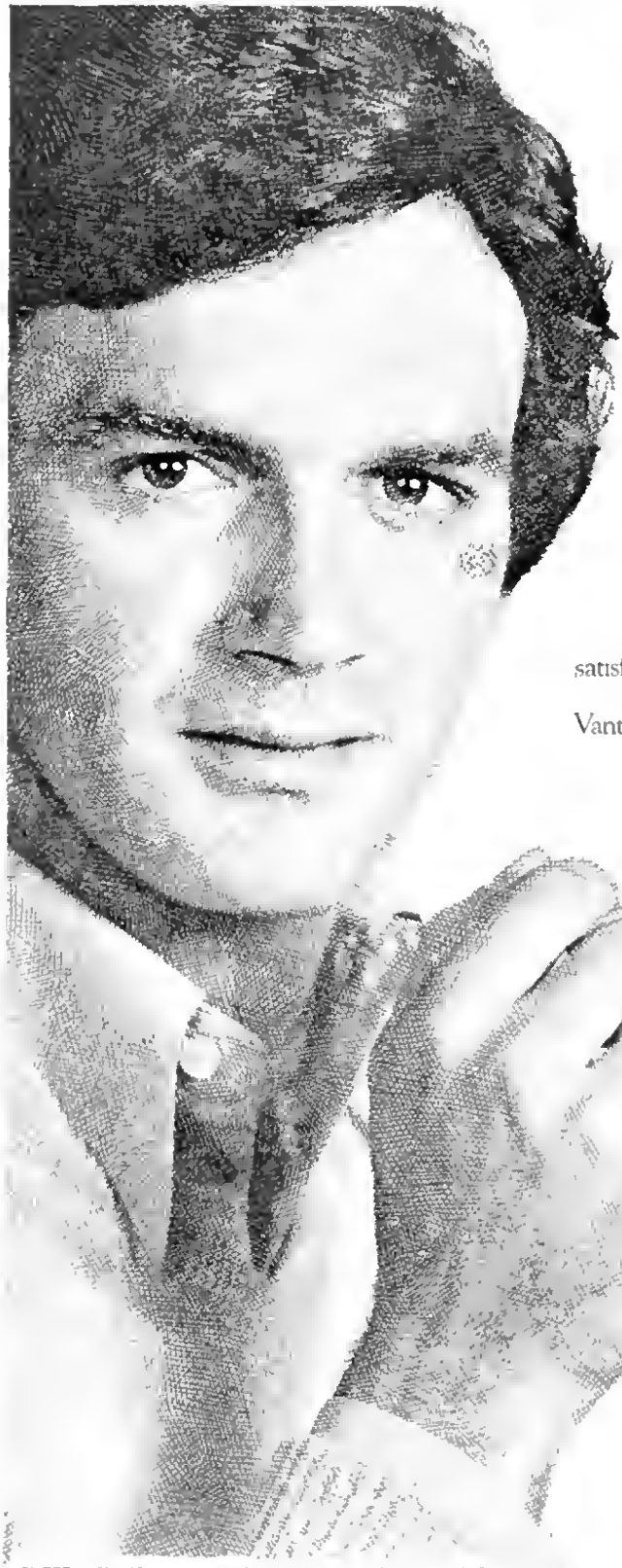
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FILTER 100's 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL 11 mg "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

liams of Philadelphia and Charles Theokas of New Jersey also were there, joining an array of assistant coaches and scouts that included Al Menendez of Detroit, Boston's K. C. Jones, and Chicago's Gene Tormohlen. Seventeen of the 22 NBA teams were represented, although they know that third- or fourth-round draft choices rarely contribute to building a winner. But as Shue said, "You never know where you'll find a player."

You surely don't. Randy Smith of San Diego was a seventh-round choice nine years ago, Bob Dandridge of Washington was a fourth-round pick in 1969; Steve Mix of the 76ers was a fifth-round choice the same year; and Mickey Johnson of the Chicago Bulls went in the fourth round in 1974.

This was the fifth year that Grinker conducted what he rather immodestly calls "The Ronald L. Grinker Showcase of NBA Prospects." And together with the collegians, also present were free agents such as Derrek Dickey, Randy Ayers and borderline NBA players such as Detroit's Andre Wakefield and Denver's John Kuester, *who may be shopping for* new teams next season.

Grinker's showcase can be productive. Tommy Green, a guard from Southern University, was impressive at the 1978 camp and was drafted by New Orleans early in the second round. "He was the 30th guard in the country before the camp, and afterwards he was rated the third best," Grinker says, fudging his figures a bit.

Grinker is 39, the object of gentle jokes about his short, portly body, and a basketball fanatic who didn't play on his high school team. In college he wore the Bearcat head as a mascot for the University of Cincinnati. Now he is one of the game's leading gossips, represents about 40 pro basketball and football players—Boston's Cedric Maxwell and Chicago's John Mengelt are among his best-known basketball clients—and also does legal work for coaches and general managers.

Grinker hesitates to call himself an "agent," insisting on the designation of attorney. "I don't do this for a living," he says. "Of course, my wife wants to throw me out of the house when my phone rings at 1:30 a.m. But I like it. I guess it's the action." One of his law partners is Gerald Springer, a Cincinnati councilman and the city's former mayor. The firm handles malpractice suits.

Last week Grinker wore either a Boston Celtics shirt or a Pony warmup suit. He was delighted when Jack McMahon, an assistant coach with the 76ers, presented him with a framed menu from a restaurant in which they had dined in Hawaii during the Aloha Classic, and many nights he was up until 2 a.m. or later visiting with the pro people. Grinker expansively refers to himself as "one of the top three honest people in the league" and is proud to note that Red Auerbach, who rates agents a despicable species, smokes nine-inch cigars that Grinker sends him. "Red is one of my best friends," says Grinker.

Grinker works hard on his image. In this respect, he likes to bring up the case of Rick Apke of Creighton, who once was at Grinker's camp although vacillating between a pro career and medical school. Grinker, as well as the player's father, Jerry, tried to persuade Rick to go to school. "Dad, I have to see if I can play," Apke said. The New Jersey Nets gave him a tryout last fall, and after rookie camp he felt he had a chance to make the NBA. "Thanks," he told the Nets. *"I'm going to medical school."* Says his father, "Once he found out he could play, that was it."

Not knowing would be the worst of all, which is why Pop Green was in Cincinnati last week. Green is a 6′ 3″ guard from Southern University who earned his nickname as a child because of a fondness for Rice Krispies. "It stuck in basketball because I was always popping those nets," said Green, a good outside shooter with speed. He was one of the last players cut by the Knicks last year and since then has worked out every day at his home in Baton Rouge, "trying to improve all aspects of my complete game."

Green is almost plaintive about his desire to play pro ball. "I wish that I could get a chance to prove myself. My friends and family have encouraged me to keep on because maybe someday I could become a great basketball player and an inspiration to people," he says.

In Cincinnati Green's budget was pitifully thin. He couldn't afford a return airplane ticket to Baton Rouge, was staying in a cheap motel, ate $2 meals at local diners, and walked back and forth from his room to the early workouts at the Jewish Community Center a mile away. He spent his free time contemplating his complete game. After a few days, he had only $3. "I don't know how I'm going to get home," he said. He made it back after his parents wired him the money.

Not surprisingly, the free agents showed to the best advantage. Dickey played four and a half seasons in the NBA and was making close to $175,000 before becoming a free agent at the end of last season. He went to camp last fall with the Lakers, was cut again and wound up in the Western Basketball Association. He and Ayers, a WBA teammate, excelled in Cincinnati.

Pat Cummings, drafted last year by the Milwaukee Bucks—he eventually decided to play his senior year at the University of Cincinnati—also was impressive. He was in Grinker's camp so Don Nelson, the coach of the Bucks, could check out his property. Cummings strained an Achilles tendon in one workout, but played well enough so that the Bucks offered him a contract, which he signed.

As the days passed, several other collegians distinguished themselves. Among them were Greg Deane of Utah, the Most *Valuable Player in this year's coaches'* all-star game in Salt Lake City; Lew Massey from the University of North Carolina-Charlotte, Tom Channel, a former minor league pitcher who scored 35 points for Boston University against Rhode Island last season, and Tiny Pinder of North Carolina State. "Pinder's school is the only one in the country that doesn't reserve tickets for scouts, so he made a good move coming here," Menendez pointed out.

On the court, frivolous behavior was out. The floor was littered with players diving for loose balls. During one scrimmage, Pop Green was shaken up and sprained an ankle. Writhing on the floor, he slapped the court in anger. He limped off to the dressing room, shaking his head bitterly.

Ten minutes later he was back, his ankle taped. "He wants this badly," said Carl Stewart, his college coach who was on the sidelines because five of his former players were in camp. "He knows this is his last shot."

Up in the stands, a more dispassionate observer assessed Pop Green's chances. "I thought he looked a little faster when I saw him last year," the man said. Later, Dickey was asked what the camp would mean to most of the players. "It means," he said, "that it will be the last time they play basketball." **END**

LOOK AT ME! I AM GIORGIO CHINAGLIA! I BEAT YOU!



He's the NASL's leading scorer—a proud, vain man whose life is soccer—and when he gets a goal for the Cosmos, he lets the world know about it

J.D. REED



CONTINUED

CHINAGLIA

continued

Here comes Chinaglia, steaming across the penalty area in front of the goal as stately and tall as an Italian Line cruise ship. The Cosmos are playing San Diego in their first game of the season. Giorgio Chinaglia (pronounced Kee-NAL-ya) is shadowed by a pair of Sockers' defenders. Behind him the rest of the star-studded Cosmos—Franz Beckenbauer, Carlos Alberto, Vladislav Bogicevic, Marinho and Dennis Tueart—are patiently working the ball toward the San Diego goal. Chinaglia doesn't look back, because at this point in the game the people back there have only one purpose—to put the ball on his unerring right toe. Chinaglia will do the rest.

He is the Hank Aaron and Phil Esposito of American soccer—even the Babe Ruth, if you listen to Chinaglia—the only top European soccer player to leave home at the very pinnacle of his career to come to the U.S. to play. Chinaglia was the North American Soccer League scoring champion in 1976 with 19 goals in as many games, and again last year when he broke the decade-old 30-goal record, getting 34 in 30 games. Including regular league games, playoffs and world-tour exhibitions, Chinaglia scored 60 goals in 59 games last year, 12 of them game winners. In eight games this season, he has nine goals, making him the league's all-time scoring leader among active players with 77 goals and 183 points.

Suddenly the lazy-looking Bogicevic pushes a neat pass between a pair of San Diego defenders, and the ball bumps across the grass to Chinaglia's right foot. Somehow the double coverage has disappeared, a tribute to Chinaglia's cunning, and he gathers in the ball alone pounding toward the end line, 10 yards to the left of Socker Goalkeeper Alan Mayer.

The goal madness is on him. His features are contorted with furious concentration. His blue eyes are as cold as the marble from Carrara, his hometown in Italy. As he lumbers along, one can see that he doesn't have the classic configuration of the soccer player—all lungs and legs—but is built more like a tight end—wide shoulders with a bullish hunch and a narrow waist. His curly brown locks lie tight to the scalp. Gone is the flowing hair; the essence of Chinaglia's world is style, and the hirsute rock-star style is passé. Chinaglia's nose is long and aqualine, a gunsight for regarding inferior breeds of men, such as keepers, fans, coaches and team managers. His teeth are even and white. He is a handsome man in repose, but now he is all rage.

Under the lights, 16,393 San Diego fans are on their feet, howling. Mayer rushes out from his net, arms spread, knees bent, to cut down Chinaglia's angle. Chinaglia's eyes are on the ball. His personal radar locates the goal for him. He has dribbled the ball to the end line trying to get off a shot around Mayer. It's impossible, one thinks. From where he is there can't be more than the width of a ball showing between the uprights.

A Socker defender has rushed into the goalmouth behind Mayer, standard procedure. The players are expecting Chinaglia to realize he is beaten and to chip the ball over Mayer's head to a teammate waiting in front of the net. Mayer meanwhile is brave and businesslike. He knows that only a brash rookie, or Giorgio Chinaglia, would try a shot under the circumstances.

From 1969 to 1975 Chinaglia ruled Italian soccer on the field and sometimes off it. Millions read of his doings, opinions and beliefs daily in Italy's five soccer tabloids. His fan club boasted tens of thousands of believers, who held pitched battles with nonbelievers in the streets. When he finally left Italy to come to the Cosmos, he had to be smuggled out of the country for fear that his departure would cause rioting in Rome. He scored 98 goals in 209 games for Lazio, an enor-

Chinaglia romps with George Jr. and Cynthia in front of his New Jersey mansion





From behind his resplendent desk, Chinaglia keeps a check on his multiple investments.

mous achievement in a league in which 1–0 is a typical score.

On this night in San Diego, Chinaglia again shows why he is a legend. When his big right foot begins its swing, his toe passes out of bounds over the end line and comes back in to connect with a slam that can blast the ball as fast as 70 mph. The shot comes in low and so swiftly that, although Mayer is already diving sideways, it grazes his shirt and crashes, true and straight, into the netting on the opposite side of the cage.

Hysteria explodes in San Diego Stadium. Chinaglia's mask of rage dissolves, his eyes roll heavenward. God, for Chinaglia, is not so much a supreme deity as a business partner who deserves a pat on the back for a job well done. It is in moments like this that Chinaglia savors the release of the tensions and frustrations that have been building in him over the last three seasons. They flow out of him almost visibly.

Chinaglia claims that he is able to hear the snick of the ball sliding along the nylon weave netting of the goal, to see the trademark revolve as the ball goes over the white line. He cherishes these details. And Chinaglia is counting. He is an admirer of baseball, because it has so many statistics. He rehearses his own like an actor learning lines. First goal of the 1979 NASL season; 332nd goal lifetime; 149th goal with the Cosmos.

And then he raises his arms, clenching his fists and smiling hugely, running full tilt down the field past the San Diego fans toward his teammates trotting up to congratulate him. He whispers his own name, "Kee-NAL-ya."

Kee-NAL-ya. If I don't believe in my own powers, who will? Kee-NAL-ya. If I am controversial, so what? Kee-NAL-ya. I am a man again because I have snatched the goal from defeat. Kee-NAL-ya. I am a master, a legend, and don't you forget it.

It is like Ali's chant, "I am the greatest," a reaffirmation of the man, the forging of the ego in bronze. Kee-NAL-ya.

On the morning before that game, Chinaglia, normally a seething mass of butterflies on game day, is curiously relaxed, self-satisfied. He wears a jacket of the thinnest and most expensive leather, handmade loafers and custom-tailored jeans. He walks to the poolside of the Islandia Hyatt House as if challenging the air, ready to battle it if it gives the slightest hint of resistance. And he has reason for satisfaction.

Chinaglia is a multimillionaire who began investing in New Jersey real estate and condominium construction back in 1972 when he first visited America on a playing tour. He resides in a 12-bedroom mansion in Englewood, N.J., flanked by a swimming pool, a private tennis court and enough Detroit iron to open a dealership. He endorses shoes, soccer balls and Italian food. He has an office on the 19th floor of the Warner Communications building in Manhattan, where the entertainment-oriented company that owns the Cosmos has its headquarters. From there he deals, wheels and stirs up trouble. He vacations in Acapulco with Steve Ross, the Warner board chairman and his good friend, or he may be found at Cosmos President Amhet Ertegun's place in Aruba, kicking the ball around on the beach with the likes of Mick Jagger. When he was offered $840,000 for three years with the Cosmos, he took it. He has been instrumental in getting a coach fired, a club president banished and a host of players traded. He has slugged one teammate and publicly derided others, including Pelé and Beckenbauer. He is fond of 21-year-old Scotch and limousines and suites when he travels—after all, Pelé had suites when the rest of the team was doubling up, so Chinaglia must have them, too.

In the Cosmos' Giants Stadium locker room, he wears a striped silk dressing gown. "Chinaglia does not wear a towel," he has said. He is, after all, Chinaglia. And yet behind the posturing and pronouncements, he is a likable man, a person of warmth and intelligence.

Now he sits by the pool, in the thin spring sunshine of Southern California, reading a magazine article about the finances of the pop-music business and smoking a cigarette. "Hey, listen to this, Bobby," he yells at Bobby Smith, an American defender and three-season Cosmos veteran. Smith is sunbathing while being interviewed by a local reporter. "Here's a guy who quit school in ninth grade and just made six million dollars in discos. Chee, boy, that's what I love about America. That's impossible in Italy." Chinaglia's voice is rasping and yet light, something on the order of Brando's in *The Godfather*.

"Well, gee, George, that's really great," says Smith in a mock snarl. "Look at me, I'm an American and I'm just trying to get $40,000 out of these turkeys. Give us American players a break, huh?"

Chinaglia rolls his eyes and holds his head as if he had suddenly developed a splitting migraine. "Oh, Bobby, Bobby, I've told you before, you must go in and ask for $400,000, not 40. That's just to get their attention. These people can't see trees, only forests."

The Cosmos are a more relaxed bunch

continued

this year, the fuses on the powder kegs of their egos seem a little longer. But Chinaglia still broods. "Forget last season," he says. "The fans couldn't care less what you did for them last season. Scoring champion? Don't make me laugh. Every season it's like starting all over with them. I've never felt so much pressure before a season. I don't think I've ever gotten the recognition I deserve. So I have a lot to prove."

In 1978 Chinaglia set himself the task of breaking the 30-goal record, which he did. This year he has other goals, but he won't say what they are. "Oh, my God! Can you imagine what people would do to me if I said what I've set for myself? I'd be crucified!"

"Hey, George," Smith yells, gesturing at the local reporter, "this guy wants to know if there's any unrest on the Cosmos this year."

Chinaglia jumps up and throws himself across Smith's reclining body, making as if to grind his cigarette out on Smith's chest. He looks craftily up at the reporter and says, "No. All lies."

Bogicevic, the haphazardly brilliant Yugoslavian midfielder, who assisted on 12 Chinaglia goals last year, says of his teammate, "People who put down George are simply jealous. The man is a great, great soccer player. They just can't take his wickedness. But that is George."

Dennis Tueart, the speedy English International winger who also assisted on 12 Chinaglia goals in 1978 and racked up 10 of his own, says, "Like any superstar who has a big ego, people can't wait to see him fail. They're asking for it. The same thing happens in England. Scoring leaders are egotistical people, and everybody waits for you to fail on the field so they can deride the kind of life you lead off of it. But George thrives on it. It is a challenge to him, like walking a tightrope."

"He's the only playing general manager in sports," whispers one ex-Cosmos front office man who, fearing the long arm of Chinaglia's wrath, doesn't want to be identified. "No, no one ever said anything in George's hearing that they didn't want to get back to 29 [the 29th floor of the Warner building is where the executive offices of Steve Ross are located]. Even other players don't tell him things they don't want the bosses to know."

Terry Garbett, the Cosmos' longtime English midfielder, puts his finger on the problem: "There's no player in the league who has the power to stir up trouble like George can. Boy, does he have it."

Disconsolate at missing a goal, Chinaglia is consoled by his ex-teammate Robert Iarusci



But Chinaglia is as tenacious a friend as he can be an enemy. In February, in Freeport, the Bahamas, Chinaglia arrived at customs with his old friend Alberto, the celebrated Brazilian sweeperback. Spring training was starting and Chinaglia was in a hurry. He proudly became an American citizen last August, so he breezed through immigration. But Alberto, whose English is minimal, was having trouble. Chinaglia homed in like a heat-seeking missile.

"What's the problem here?" he demanded, descending on the official behind the counter.

"This man is a Brazilian citizen, and he needs a visa to stay in the Bahamas for more than 30 days," replied the man stolidly. Alberto was suddenly uninterested in the argument. He had been through it all before around the world, and besides, George would handle it.

"Doesn't matter," said Chinaglia, with a wave of his hand. "He is a professional soccer player. He was in the World Cup. We send somebody over later to handle details, huh?"

The immigration man regarded him. "And who, exactly, are you?"

Chinaglia drew himself up to his full 6' 1", glared down his gunsight nose as if he'd sighted something dead on the road, and roared, "I am *Chinaglia*!"

"*Giorgio* Chinaglia?" said the immigration man.

"The same."

continued

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DEWAR'S® PROFILE

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CHINAGLIA

continued

"Giorgio Chinaglia!" the man repeated. "Could I have your autograph?" Suddenly gracious, Chinaglia complied. Alberto's problem was taken care of later.

Chinaglia is a compulsive controller of situations. In taxis and limousines he's a nonstop backseat driver. He's the guy who orders dinner for everyone in Chinese restaurants. Recently, because of an injury to Cosmos Captain Werner Roth, Chinaglia has become interim captain, a position he relishes if for no other reason than that he can harangue his teammates to pay their incidental expenses when they check out of a hotel.

Chinaglia is as intense off the field as he is on it, where, as Eddie Firmani, the Cosmos coach, says of him, "If there were a dozen naked girls in the end zone George wouldn't see them." A Chinaglia shower, for instance, is not just a shower. It is perhaps the most refreshing shower in the history of the world. When he waits for a limousine, he really *waits*.

And when he plays, he *plays*. "George really cares about the game," says Tueart. "He's intense in a way that helps all of us. I mean, if it weren't for George, playing in America would just be a bloody lark, wouldn't it?"

One must be careful not to peg Chinaglia as a comic-opera Italian stereotype. He is an original. In Italy they coined a word from his name to describe his impact on that country's soccer—*chinagliata*. It means the unexpected, the unpredictable, the unorthodox. Chinaglia is a complex character, a driven man who is finally learning to mellow a bit after three furious seasons in the U.S. It isn't easy for him; it is a style he's developing. He used to speak of himself in the third person, as if he were royalty. "Chinaglia thinks," he would say, or "Chinaglia says." But that has been abandoned.

As one drives toward Chinaglia's New Jersey spread, the homes get bigger. On the roads are Ferraris, Mercedes, Cadillacs. Swinging into the driveway leading to Chinaglia's 22-room Mediterranean-style mansion, the visitor sees a sign—BEWARE OF THE DOG! It is typical Chinaglia. He doesn't own a dog.

Inside all is hushed and tasteful—thick beige carpeting, subdued colors, French antiques glinting dully with lemon oil.

Chinaglia is in his study, a book-lined room with dark paneling. He sits behind

continued



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a desk that Napoleon might have coveted—gilded heads of screaming eagles protrude from the corners. He is on the phone with his business manager, Peppe Pinton, arguing over royalty checks from Spalding, for which Chinaglia endorses a signature line of soccer balls. "They're outselling the Pelé models," he says with a chuckle, his hand over the mouthpiece.

It is a long way from Carrara, where Chinaglia was born on Jan. 24, 1947. Chinaglia's ancestors could have quarried Carrara marble for Michelangelo. In the 20th century, Carrara has earned the reputation of being the home of Italy's most hardheaded anarchists, stubborn people who despise being ruled by anybody except themselves. And yet, when its young men were pressed into military service by Mussolini in World War II, they fought so fiercely that they became part of his shock troops. One begins to understand Chinaglia.

"When I was nine we left Italy," he says. "Like a lot of people after the war, my father couldn't find work and had to go abroad." With his mother and father and his younger sister he landed in Cardiff, Wales. "All four of us lived in one room," he says. "My father was an ironworker and it was tough. I used to take the milk left on people's porches and drink it for breakfast. I didn't look at it as stealing, exactly. I just borrowed it."

When he was 13 Chinaglia was playing soccer in the youth league, and was spotted by Trevor Morris, the coach of Swansea Town, a third-division team. He had come to look at a Welsh lad, but went home with Chinaglia, who in the time-honored tradition of European soccer, became a player-apprentice. His duties, aside from endless practice with the senior squad, were to clean cleats, sweep out the stands and run errands.

"By that time my father had scraped up enough money to buy a restaurant in Cardiff," he says. "I was glad for the soccer, because it took me away from washing dishes and waiting on tables. I hated waiting on tables."

At age 15 Chinaglia was playing for Swansea Town, and getting the magnificent sum of seven pounds a week. "It must have gone to my head, because I hated to train after that," he says. "I never felt satisfied. But I've always been that way, I guess. When I was eight, I played soccer with kids 12 and 13. I always looked for older kids. What was the sense

continued

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of doing anything on your own level?"

Morris, however, was disappointed. He took Chinaglia aside and told him, in that marvelous British phrase, to get 'stuck in," to play with intensity, to train harder and stop being petulant and lazy. There is a story that Chinaglia once attacked him with an ax, but Chinaglia has always denied it. "He was fired two years before I left the team That should tell you something."

Both because of his growing talents and because he had to do his compulsory Italian military service, the Chinaglias moved back to Carrara when Giorgio was 19 "Thank God for the army," he says.

"Otherwise, I'd probably still be in Wales, slogging it out in the mud and drinking ale. The Italian army has a special regiment for soccer players, so all I did in the service was to train all day, and when my club had a game, get a pass."

Because he had played abroad professionally, Chinaglia was barred from joining an Italian first-division team for three years He began learning the painful, bloody lessons of Italian soccer on a third-division team in Carrara. The system was called Catenaccio, a bruising, ultra-defensive brand of soccer which gave a center-forward like Chinaglia a lot of aching shins and precious few goals. It made him devious on the field, impervious to pain, at home with double, even triple coverage.

The next two years were spent with a richer club, Internapoli of Naples Here Chinaglia began to be noticed. The goals started to come, 25 in 66 games, a minor miracle in the Italian third division.

When his quarantine ended, Chinaglia was bought by the Rome squad, Lazio, the oldest team in the soccer-mad country. Lazio would be his home, his love, his theater and his soapbox from 1969 to 1976.

"Lazio was a mess when I arrived," he says. "They were in the second division most of the time Once in a while they'd move up to the first, which is where they were when I arrived But they were poor, as soccer teams go, so they would be forced to sell the young players, the ones that they had trained since childhood, to get the transfer fees." Aside from his tremendous scoring feat of nearly 100 goals in 200 games, Chinaglia began to move in on the management at

Lazio, interfering with the directorate on questions of selling and buying players. He helped build a strong team, but earned himself enemies in the process.

In 1971 Lazio sank back into the second division, but the year brought Chinaglia a singular honor. He was the only player in modern Italian history to be selected from a second-division club to start on the national team. In 14 International appearances for Italy over the years, Chinaglia would score 11 goals.

"Italian soccer is the bloodiest sport outside of bullfighting," says Brian Glanville, the London *Times* expert, who was in Rome during Chinaglia's great years. "Lazio was one of the worst, too. It was odd, though. When a donnybrook would break out on the field, Chinaglia would stand aside. It was clear that he wasn't afraid; the man would take incredible punishment just to set up a goal. It was more as if he were above it all.

"Once the English side, Arsenal, came to play Lazio, and after the game they somehow all ended up drinking in the same bar in Rome. Well, the expected happened, and they got into an awful brawl. Chinaglia just stood apart smoking a cigarette, looking into the distance. The Arsenal lads had to flee when Lazio fans came into the street swinging crowbars."

On the field and off, Chinaglia split Italy. Most loved him, but some hated him with a passion. "It's impossible to tell you what it is like to have 52 million people always aware of your every move," he says. "It was wild. Everybody wanted to marry Chinaglia, be part of Chinaglia's clan. There were fan clubs everywhere, 21,000 members of the one in Rome. On slow news days, the Rome papers would send reporters to my house just to get my comments on anything. The quotes were always on page one . . . the Pope, he was on page three."

Chinaglia is credited with changing the Italian game from picky and stylish to direct and open. He was nicknamed "Long John," both for his size and for his British playing days.

"I went to Rome with George after his first Cosmos season," says Shep Messing, a former Cosmos keeper now with the Rochester Lancers. "There is nothing in America to compare with it. He was like a god. People in the streets would remove their hats and touch his sleeve, crying, saying, 'It's not the same since you left.' We went to Jackie O's, an exclusive Rome disco club, and it was like the President had arrived. There was the corner booth waiting and flunkies everywhere running errands."

These days Chinaglia is booed in Giants Stadium. "The Italian-Americans hate me for leaving Italy," he says. "The Germans hate me because I criticized Beckenbauer. The South Americans can't stand me because I said some of their players were lazy. But all those things are the truth. Should I shut up about them? Pelé and Beckenbauer never say anything critical. 'Everything's fine, wonderful.' Chee, don't make me laugh.

"If I have any power at all, I use it to make us better. We can be the greatest team in the world, and if I must suffer the fans' anger for trying to achieve that, so let it be. I deserve the recognition here—34 goals in 30 games, huh? Nobody likes to be booed."

In 1970 Chinaglia met Connie Eruzione, the daughter of an American Army sergeant who had retired to Italy. "I saw this girl sitting in a café in Naples reading American magazines," he says, "and we just started talking. Nine years later, I still don't know what happened."

What happened was that Chinaglia married pretty black-haired Connie and they now have three children, Cynthia, 7, George Jr., 5, and Stephanie, 2. Conme wasn't fond of Rome and the madness that went with being a national idol's wife. "We never went out, you know, because George was constantly mobbed," she says. "We went dancing one night and it ended as a fistfight. If George scored goals against Roma, the big rival of Lazio, I'd get pushed and elbowed in the street the next day.

"Our apartment was robbed. We got threatening phone calls in the middle of the night saying George would be kidnapped—the wave of terrorist kidnappings in Italy was then beginning. It was terrible. George bought a pistol and wore it all the time. And the soccer in Italy is so serious that Lazio would go into seclusion in the hills for a week before a game. George would leave me there in the apartment with the gun."

Chinaglia, who was paid $300,000 a year, more than any other player in Italy, made some unfortunate investments. "Business in Italy is difficult," he says. "There are incredible tax laws and corporate setups. I just couldn't see what I owned. I lost a bundle."

Chinaglia toured the U.S. with Lazio in 1972. "When we were in America, I saw my wife's eyes sparkle for the first time," he says, "and I saw that a businessman here could get things done without interference." Chinaglia quietly began to divest himself of his Italian holdings. He bought a construction company and began investing in New Jersey real estate. The Americanization of Chinaglia had begun when he married the girl reading the U.S. magazines. By 1975 it would be nearly complete.

The 1973-74 season was a triumph. Lazio won the Italian Championship for the first—and only—time in its 74-year history, and Chinaglia was Italy's scoring leader. But things began to turn sour with the selection of the 1974 World Cup team.

"In Italy we call it geopolitic," Chinaglia says. "The powerful soccer clubs of Milan and Turin in the north control the Italian League. When one of them wins a championship, then six or seven of their players are on the National Team that year. That's only right. The year that Lazio won, there was only one player on the selection—*me*. I spoke out about it, and they were gunning for me up north. It was a terrible affront. Ferruccio Valcareggi, the National Team coach, was under tremendous pressure from the Italian soccer Establishment. Today, we are friends, but then it was a different matter."

In a game with Haiti, Valcareggi pulled Chinaglia off the field in the second half. Chinaglia argued furiously with the coach and finally made a well-known Italian gesture and stormed into the locker room, which he trashed in fine style. Millions of Italians had watched the scene on television and were shocked. So precise and detailed were the reports of his behavior that the papers noted that he broke eight water bottles in the locker room. Debates still occur as to whether the bottles were full or empty.

Chinaglia looks innocent. "What water bottles?" he says, shrugging. "And I didn't make the so-called gesture, either. When a player comes off he is applauded, and I just flicked my hand so, to show that I didn't want praise, that this was all a political matter."

continued

But the love affair with Lazio and Italy was over. "Italy had become too confining," he says. "My family wasn't safe, my businesses were a mess, and maybe Italian soccer had become too small to hold me. I needed a place for vision—how you say?—a bigger canvas." Besides that, important figures in Italy's soccer Establishment had come to fear and distrust Chinaglia's explosiveness. His welcome was wearing thin. In 1975 Connie and the children moved to Englewood; Chinaglia played one more season in Italy. When he finally left Rome, it was on a private jet at an unannounced hour. The fear was that tens of thousands of angry fans massing in the city to protest his departure would try to bomb the plane or throw themselves under its wheels. Whatever he had done in Italy, he was still a god, and the country was in mourning when he left.

Clive Toye, then president of the Cosmos, remembers Chinaglia's arrival well. "It wasn't at all like Pelé, whom I chased around the world for two years to get him to play for us," he says. "Chinaglia walked in on his vacation in 1975 and told us he wanted to come. Either that, or he'd buy his own franchise. He came to us We didn't rob Europe of that one."

"Why should I be sad?" Chinaglia said at the time of his departure. "I'm going home to my wife and kids. When I drive across the George Washington Bridge, it will be to my first home in my life."

The Italian newspapers still telephone Chinaglia regularly in New Jersey; he is still newsworthy in Italy. And perhaps he has mellowed. "I am a loyal man," he says. "Part of me will always be with Lazio. It was my whole life, my being. Now the same is true with the Cosmos. Everything I do is for the team."

But in his bar-rec room in Englewood, the walls are covered with black and white framed photos of *his* goals, Italian goals. Chinaglia remembers each one lovingly—the exact date, the weather, the goalkeeper who was beaten and the score. He runs his eyes over them. "There are many jobs in soccer, many techniques to be mastered," he says. "But, my friend, don't ever let them kid you. Putting the goddam ball in the net is the game. It is the toughest thing in the world to do."

In 1976 Chinaglia, heading a group of investors, tried to buy an NASL franchise. Although the group had plenty of money, Commissioner Phil Woosnam turned it down. "I was mad as hell at the time," says Chinaglia with a smile. "But I'm glad now. Life is full of surprises, of course, but right now I think that when I quit playing, I want to stay with the Cosmos, help run the team. It's my home now. But I hope that won't be for a long, long time."

Says Glanville, "When George is 60 he'll be playing on some small sandlot team in New Jersey if he can still walk. The game is his first love on earth. He was in London a few years ago, and I was to meet him, but found that I had to coach my son's soccer game that day. When I called George, he just said, 'So? You mean Chinaglia can't play, too?' I told him he could, but the fee was 20 pence for the Association.

"I picked him up at the hotel, where, as usual, he was in the bar smoking and sipping Scotch. He came out and played with these teen-aged kids and he loved it. He worked just as hard as he ever did at Lazio. When it was over, he said, 'I won't pay the 20 pence. You shouldn't have to pay to play the best game in the world.' It was typical Chinaglia."

On game days, Chinaglia usually doesn't speak to anyone, including his family. He walks and paces and broods. At the stadium he changes his shoe laces, whispers instructions to his cleats. "After 16 years, you'd think I'd be over that by now," he says. "But that's the beauty of it. That's what keeps me coming back."

Although Chinaglia won the 1976 league scoring title with those 19 goals in 19 games, he didn't make much of a dent in the hearts of the fans or in the press because at the time attention was focused on Pelé. When Pelé reported for training the following year, he was grossly out of shape, and Chinaglia fumed, "He may be a legend, but right now he's just one more player I have to carry until he's in shape."

When Beckenbauer, the classic German sweeper back and one of the great names *in* soccer, joined the team, Chinaglia blurted, "He won't put fans in the stands. We've already got a sweeper and he doesn't score goals. I think we should have used the money for American players or Cruyff [the Dutch World Cup hero]. Cruyff scores goals at least." Chinaglia predicted that Beckenbauer would play at midfield, even though he had starred at the sweeper position. Many thought that Chinaglia was talking through his hat. Beckenbauer played midfield. And the Cosmos are dickering with Cruyff. Don't doubt with Chinaglia.

Coach Gordon Bradley and Chinaglia fell out almost immediately that year because Chinaglia wanted Pelé pulled further back out of his way so that he could score more goals. Pelé stayed up front, where he wanted to be. And the goals didn't come for Chinaglia. Tony Cirino, an Italian soccer expert who had followed Chinaglia's career, said, "They're ruining him. They don't get the ball to him enough, and they use him as a decoy, to take two or three defenders away from the flow. It's like taking a great operatic soprano and making her sing 'Happy Birthday.' "

Chinaglia brooded and worried. He confided to friends that by the end of the season, Bradley and Toye would be gone. Toye snapped, "Pelé and Beckenbauer are living bloody legends. Chinaglia is lazy, moody and virtually uncoachable."

"I'm uncoachable, it's true," Chinaglia fired back, "that's because I know more than the stupid coaches. That's, how you say, presumptuous? It's true."

The Cosmos were in a shambles, limping along, the heady brew of egos, nationalities and disparities kept at the boil by Chinaglia.

In midseason Toye resigned, remaining silent about the affair, a silence he still maintains as president of the Chicago Sting. Bradley was fired three games later, after he benched Chinaglia. Chinaglia gloated, and Pelé, saying he'd never seen the likes of it, wept amidst the wreckage.

Eddie Firmani had coached the Tampa Bay Rowdies to the championship in 1975. Three days after Bradley's departure, he quit the Rowdies and became the new Cosmos pilot. He was an old friend of Chinaglia's who had played for Inter-Milan before going to Wales. A very old friend. The implication was clear—Chinaglia had intrigued with his buddy Steve Ross to sweep out the old guard and hire Firmani, who knew the kind of ball service Chinaglia required. "Sure, Firmani is a friend," Chinaglia protests, "but he also happened to have the best record of any coach in America. Steve Ross isn't stupid. He's not going to hire and fire on *my* say-so. You think those people have a billion-dollar

continued

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corporation because they listen to soccer players? That stuff is even over my head. But, sure, I voted for Firmani."

Firmani moved Pelé out of Chinaglia's way, and the goals began to come, nine of them in the playoffs, including a header against the Seattle Sounders, which won Soccer Bowl '77. But Chinaglia didn't have the scoring championship, finishing fourth with only 15 goals to Los Angeles' Steve David's 26.

In 1978 Pelé had retired and Bogicevic and Tueart had arrived, expressly to serve the ball to Chinaglia. As the goals rolled in, his critics became sharper. Most soccer pundits said Chinaglia scored only because Cosmos megabucks bought players who would serve him. He was no good heading the ball or with his left foot. He was just an average center-forward with a big mouth.

"That's plain stupid," says Tueart, who scored 10 goals himself last year. "I've played in Italy and I know that it's the toughest place in the world to score goals, the most defensive-minded in Europe. To score 100 goals in 200 games there is the equivalent of a goal a game in England. George's achievements rank with anyone's. People here are ignorant of the European game and they should be more humble." Chinaglia answers the rest of the charges himself. "I score about 40% with my left foot," he says. "I've got video tapes of all my goals. Let the critics watch them."

Chinaglia has had a malformation of the top of the spine from childhood, which gives him not only his bullish look but also reduced flexibility in the neck. It's not an excuse. "I won Soccer Bowl '77 with a header," he says, "and got one in Soccer Bowl '78. What do people want? For me to be a bloody bird?"

The one honor in the U.S. that has escaped Chinaglia is the Most Valuable Player Award, which is voted by the players. All last season he was in a race for the scoring title with English loan player Mike Flanagan of the New England Tea Men, finally beating him out 34 goals to 30. Nevertheless, the MVP went to the humble, hard working Flanagan.

"I could have scored 100 goals and they wouldn't have given it to me," Chinaglia says sourly. "I don't know what the hell I have to do. But phooey on the MVP, I'll take scoring champion again. If it's a choice, I want the goals."

And he gets them by dogged practice. "I work every day on new angles, new attacks," he says. "You must be thinking and not fall into a rut. There is no patented Chinaglia goal."

Says Firmani, "George has something that is the essence of a striker. What a striker does is create space for himself. There is a defender in a position that he wants to use, and he must lure the man away. It's like physical chess. And George is the master of deception. He also is splay-footed. Most strikers are pigeon-toed. So George can kick with the inside of his foot, and keepers aren't looking for that." *Chinagliata*

In the Chinaglia kitchen, where Connie, her mother and George's mother hold court, Chinaglia is the *padrone*, relaxed and smiling. They all begin chiding him about a thread hanging from his shirt. He banters back. His mother and retired father are having a nearby house refinished, and Chinaglia's in-laws are visiting. "We're kind of low on relatives right now," George says. "Sometimes we have a lot more around here."

His daughter Cynthia and son George Jr. arrive home from school, and Chinaglia's love is obvious and intense. He kisses them on the lips. The children seem uncomfortable, but there is no escape. If Chinaglia loves you, he loves you.

Chinaglia turns up the piped-in music and grabs 2-year-old Stephanie, twirling her through a '50s bebop, his eyes closed, lost in the music.

Roberto Lovati, the former Lazio goalkeeper, now the coach of the team, who has spent 30 years with the club, says, "In a stadium filled with 60,000 Roman fans who hated his guts, Chinaglia was capable of scoring once to tie and again to win, each time running toward those packed stands—oranges, bricks, cushions being hurled at him, alone, fists in the air—shouting, 'Look at me! I am Giorgio Chinaglia! I beat you!' "

Chinaglia has made the same challenge to America. Calmer, wiser perhaps than he once was, he views the future warily. But one mustn't forget *Chinaghata*, for behind the arrogance, the pronouncements and the mounting number of goals is a man looking for our love, but on his own terms. What he may do next to try to win it is anyone's guess. But he will be out there, courting us with his big right foot. **END**

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Yesterday

by STEPHEN KAUFMAN

NEWARK WASN'T THE BEST BALL CLUB IN '37. WOULD YOU BELIEVE SECOND?

In 1937 there was no argument that the New York Yankees were the best team in baseball. They won 102 games, they coasted to their second straight American League pennant by 13 games and crushed the Giants in five games in the World Series. But what was the second-best team that year? According to many, it wasn't the Giants, nor was it the American League runner-up, the Detroit Tigers. It was the Newark Bears, a Yankees' Double-A franchise (in those days there was no such thing as Triple-A), a juggernaut that took the International League like F.D.R. took Landon.

The Bears won 109 regular-season games in 1937, plus 12 postseason games on the way to winning the Little World Series. The club led the International League by an incredible 25½ games. The top four pitchers had a combined record of 73–16. The team batting average was .299. They were shut out only once in 167 games. Seven of the 10 regulars hit .300 or better (another hit .298), and the top five hitters were first, second, fourth, fifth and eighth among league regulars. Only five players in the league scored 100 or more runs that season and four of them played for the Bears. The team averaged almost six runs per game and had a winning percentage in its home ball park of .789; overall, the record was .717. Only one player on the roster failed to make it to the major leagues.

The Bears of 1937 produced a brilliant flash before the minor leagues' lamp began to dim. The '40s and '50s brought television, and major league games could be seen where only minor league ball had been available. Expansion robbed the minors of most of their prime market areas and gobbled up talent that previously might have stayed on the farm a little longer. Attendance fell off, support from the major leagues dwindled, teams went out of business, leagues died. Today the minor leagues consist of only four divisions—Rookie leagues, Class A, Double-A and Triple-A—and college baseball has cut into *them*.

But in the late 1930s, the minors prospered. Following the St. Louis Cardinals' lead in developing a farm system, the Yankees soon created a chain of powerhouses from Double-A down to Class D. In the spring, Yankee training camps bulged with young talent that competed not only to fill spots on the parent club, but to make the Newark roster rather than Kansas City, Kansas City rather than Binghamton, Binghamton rather than Norfolk. Newark was especially desirable because it was right across the Hudson from New York, thus offering the players opportunities to impress the Yankee brass. Newark was where Ed Barrow, the Yankees' general manager, put his likeliest prospects.

A couple of hot ones topped the Bears' roster during the spring of '37. Rightfielder Charlie Keller, a 20-year-old from the University of Maryland, was slamming the ball around hard enough to be called "the next Babe Ruth." And Joe Gordon, an impressive-looking infielder from Oregon, was being groomed by Newark Manager Oscar Vitt as the eventual replacement for aging Yankee Second Baseman Tony Lazzeri.

The Bears got off to only a so-so start. By May 11, they were 9–6. Then the team began to move. A month later Newark was 35–11, and by July 1, with a 53–15 record, the Bears had a 16½-game league lead. With such a runaway, one might have thought that attendance would drop around the league, that the folks in Jersey City, Buffalo, Syracuse, Toronto, Baltimore, Montreal and Rochester would turn their attention to more pressing matters of the time: the search for Amelia Earhart in the Pacific, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the progress of the Dionne quintuplets, the budding courtship of Abner Yokum and Daisy Mae. But, to the contrary, attendance reached record levels.

In Newark, fan interest was particularly intense. Farm Director George Weiss could always get a rise out of Barrow by reporting attendance figures superior to those of the Yankees, but that year both knew they were watching greatness. Newark was a city of factories, with neighborhoods populated by blue-collar workers who loved their city and their team. They worked hard, and old Ruppert Stadium, a charmless fortress of concrete and steel, was a place where they could buy a cheap seat, sit in the stands with their friends and watch the athletes pass through on their way to the cherished Yankee pinstripes.



Not many Newarkers had the money to venture to a Yankee game. Once the Kellers and Gordons and Spud Chandlers and Tommy Henrichs made the big leagues, they became just names in a newspaper box score. But as long as they wore the hometown N, the fans could love them as their own.

When the 1937 regular season finally ended, the Bears were 25½ games ahead of Montreal, with a 109–43 record. Keller had hit .353 in

continued

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his first year of organized ball. Babe Dahlgren, the third baseman, hit .340. The two catchers, Buddy Rosar and Willard Hershberger, hit .332 and .325, respectively. First Baseman George McQuinn hit .330. Gordon hit only .280, but he had 26 home runs. The two outfielders besides Keller—Bob Seeds and Jim Gleeson—hit .305 and .298. Utility Infielder Frankie Kelleher hit .306. Big Joe Beggs led the pitchers with a 21–4 record. Fastball artist Atley Donald was 19–2. Vito Tamulis, the little lefty, 18–6, and another hard thrower, Steve Sundra, was 15–4.

In the playoffs the first- and third-place teams in the league and the second- and fourth-place teams squared off, then the winners met and the survivor of that battle was matched against the American Association champion in the Little World Series.

As expected, the Bears swept a good Syracuse team in the semis and took four straight from hard-hitting Baltimore. The first real drama of the season for Newark came when it faced Columbus, one of the St. Louis Cardinals' two Double-A representatives in the Little World Series. The Red Birds featured Enos Slaughter, who hit .382 that year with 26 home runs and 122 RBIs. Columbus also had a quartet of excellent pitchers in Bill McGee, Mort Cooper, Max Lanier and 21-game winner Max Macon, whom many baseball people were calling the next Dizzy Dean.

The Series, which began in late September, was publicized as a classic confrontation between the two best farm systems in baseball. Yankee pride was at stake, and Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the president, told Weiss that he wanted and expected another sweep. But in the first three Series games, all played in Newark, the Red Birds shocked the Bears 5–4, 5–4 and 6–3. Not only had the Bears' hitting and pitching failed them, but they had committed 11 errors in the three games. What had happened to the Wonder Team?

The opponents then went to Columbus for the rest of the Series. "We had a team meeting on the train," Atley Donald recalls, "and simply reassured each other that we were the same ball club we'd been all year. Win or lose, we decided to be free and easy and let the chips fall where they may."

In the Columbus opener, the Bears turned the tables on the home team, winning 8–1. The fifth game of the Series was a pitching thriller between Donald and Macon. The Bears nursed an early 1–0 lead inning after inning. The pressure was heavy, Donald remembers, but the big righthander held Columbus to three hits and no runs, and Newark won 1–0. In Game 6, the Bears evened the Series, crushing four Columbus pitchers 10–1. In the decisive seventh game the Bears, striking for three runs in both the fifth and sixth innings, came out on top 10–4.

The team received a grand homecoming at Penn Station in Newark, followed by a parade up Broad Street. Colonel Ruppert brought them to New York, where they were feted and given special seats for the World Series then in progress. Yankee Stadium was, of course, where every Bear hoped eventually to be. For most of the players, Newark was just another stopover on their way to the majors. Hy Goldberg of the *Newark Evening News* lamented in his final baseball column of the 1937 season: "There is one sad feature about a great minor league ball club. It's always broken up, and the better the team the sooner the dissolution. The major leagues are calling and the Bears of 1937, as a unit, have trod the diamond for the last time."

It was the end of the Wonder Team. Keller returned to Newark in 1938, hitting .365 and leading the Bears to another International League championship, but most of the others were gone. Gordon starred at second base for the Yankees, and later the Cleveland Indians, and was named the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1942. Donald became a key member of the Yankees' staff through 1945, setting a team record of 12 straight wins in 1939. Following his retirement he became a scout and signed Ron Guidry, the man who broke Donald's record.

Keller joined the Yankees in 1939 and was one of their big hitters until he entered the Merchant Marine in 1944. Beggs was a star relief pitcher for the 1940 world champion Cincinnati Reds. McQuinn became a solid hitter for the St. Louis Browns for several seasons, and Rosar, Tamulis and Sundra all played in the majors with some success. Weiss

continued

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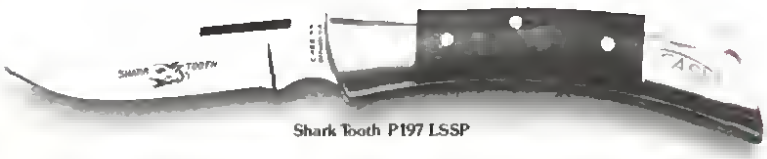
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eventually used Newark as a springboard to become general manager of the parent Yankees.

But not all of the members of the Wonder Team lived up to their promise. Vitt became boss of the Cleveland Indians in 1938, but his jittery dugout behavior eventually got him embroiled in the bizarre Cleveland "Cry Baby Rebellion" of 1940. He was fired following the season, an embarrassed and disgraced man, and never managed in the majors again. Dahlgren, a hitter of considerable promise, had the misfortune to be Lou Gehrig's replacement in 1939. Under that pressure he never approached his potential and is now just an answer to a baseball trivia question.

Bob (Suitcase) Seeds, who had tried and failed in the majors before 1937, tried and failed again. Seeds did have one magical moment in 1938, an amazing two days in which he had nine hits in 10 at bats—including seven home runs—and drove in 17 runs. But that was back in the International League while playing for Buffalo. Like Steve Bilko, Rocky Nelson, Lou Novikoff, Ox Eckhardt, Jigger Statz and countless others, he was one of those hitters who for some reason could never hit in the majors despite brilliance down on the farm. The most haunting and tragic fate, however, awaited Willard Hershberger, a moody, troubled sort of man who went on to become the backup catcher for the Cincinnati Reds. Donald remembers him as a worrier and a loner.

In 1940, in the midst of a pennant race, Hershberger locked himself in a hotel room in Boston and cut his throat with a razor. Manager Bill McKechnie said the catcher had been brooding about his hitting.

By the late 1940s Newark couldn't compete in the same television market as the Yankees, Giants and Dodgers (to say nothing of Uncle Miltie and Gorgeous George), and in 1949 the Bears were put to rest. Ruppert Stadium was turned over to a high-school team.

But when those who remember the Bears get together and talk about the old days on Wilson Avenue in the Ironbound section, someone is bound to say, "Do you know, I was there one day and saw Joe Gordon make a play I still don't believe. Jersey City had men on first and third, and . . ." **END**


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Roger Maxwell "The business side of being a PGA professional may not be all that glamorous, but it is all that important. SI has done an enormous service teaming with the PGA to create this award and recognize local pros for personal service rendered and quality equipment offered "

Adds Eldridge Miles "It's great to see an award like this come into existence—and even greater to be one of the first winners By lending considerable prestige and authority to this program, SI has driven home the fact that yes, personalized, professional service in the pro shop really does matter to golfers at all levels of ability "

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Merchandiser of the Year nominations for 1979 are now being accepted And if you have a favorite local golf pro, one who handles your golf business professionally and expertly, fill out and mail the special form provided below

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Say "thank you" to *your* favorite professional

So if your golf professional merits consideration for the award, just fill out, detach and mail the Merchandiser of the Year nominating form below Use an extra sheet of paper if you want to go into more detail, but the important thing is to get your nomination in without delay Deadline is September 1, 1979, so mail your form soon to. PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year Awards, Sports Illustrated—Room 1951, Time-Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y 10020 Spend a moment to say "thank you" to a golf professional who's spent years serving you and your fellow golfers well



PGA/SI "Merchandiser of the Year" Nominating Form

Mail to Sports Illustrated—Room 1951, Time-Life Bldg
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Name of your Pro Nominee (please print)

Golf Course Name

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NOTE All nominees must be PGA members

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- ☐ Pro goes out of his way to make sure I get the right equipment and accessories at the right price

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
May 7-13

BASKETBALL—NBA The Washington Bullets came within one loss of not qualifying to defend their NBA championship The San Antonio Spurs jumped out to a 3–1 lead in their best-of-seven semifinal series with 116–114 and 118–102 victories In the first of the wins George Gervin and James Silas combined for 51 points while the Spurs' defense held Wes Unseld and Elvin Hayes to 21 Still the Bullets fought back after trailing by as many as 14 points late in the fourth quarter and could have sent the game into overtime had Charles Johnson's shot at the buzzer not missed Two nights later Gervin exploded for 42 points, including 20 in the third quarter—18 of them in a row Washington recovered to win Game 5 107–103 with Elvin Hayes scoring 24 points and pulling down 22 rebounds, and five other Bullets scoring in double figures In the other semifinal series, Seattle led Phoenix 3–3 with a 106–105 victory after the Suns beat the Sonics twice in a row 100–91 and 99–93 (*page 24*)

The U S trounced Canada 77–61 in Seoul to win its first World Women's Championship since 1957 The once-beaten U S which was led by Carol Blazejowski's 25 points needed to outscore the previously undefeated Canadians by at least 13 points to win the title

GOLF—TOM WATSON sank a birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Bill Rogers to win his third $300 000 Byron Nelson Classic in Dallas The two finished regulation play at 275 five under par

SANDRA POST shot a final-round 69 for a nine under par 210 to win a $100 000 LPGA tournament in Atlanta by two strokes over Pat Bradley

GYMNASTICS—NADIA COMANECI of Romania won her third consecutive European women's championship in Copenhagen scoring 39 45 points in the combined exercises to beat second-place finisher Emilia Eberle also of Romania, by .60 points Comaneci won the vault and floor exercises as well

HOCKEY—NHL Some funny things happened on the way to the Stanley Cup finals the Montreal Canadiens almost didn't make it and the New York Rangers did Yvon Lambert steered a pass from Mario Tremblay past Boston Goalie Gilles Gilbert at 9 33 of overtime in Game 7 to give Montreal a 5–4 win and a berth in the finals for the fourth straight year (*page 58*) Boston had evened the series at three games apiece with a 5–2 win as Stan Jonathan scored three goals and lost two front teeth The Rangers sent the city of New York into a frenzy and nearby Long Island into a funk with a 2–1 Game 6 triumph over the favored Islanders that put the Rangers in the finals for the first time since 1972 Don Murdoch and Ron Greschner scored second period goals to erase the Islanders' 1–0 lead An even funnier thing happened in the opening game of the finals the Rangers stunned the Canadiens 4–1 in the Forum to steal the home-ice advantage

WHA Teen-age millionaire Wayne Gretzky scored two goals to lead the Edmonton Oilers to a 6–3 victory over New England in the seventh and deciding game of their semifinal playoff series After the victory owner Peter Pocklington promised his players and their wives an all-expenses paid vacation at an undisclosed place if Edmonton could beat defending champion Winnipeg for the league title The incentive didn't work in the first two games of the finals The Jets opened with a 3–1 win in Edmonton, with Rich Preston scoring two goals and Goalie Gary Smith stopping 10 Oiler shots in the last period Winnipeg then took a 2–0 series lead with a 3–2 victory on three goals in the third period

HORSE RACING—CZARAVICH ($3.60) ridden by Jean Cruguet beat Instrument Landing by 1¼ lengths to win the $55 550 Withers at Aqueduct The 3 year old was clocked in 1 35⅕ for the mile

MOTOR SPORTS—RICK MEARS won the pole position for the Indianapolis 500 by averaging 193 736 mph in his Penske-Cosworth (*page 20*)

JODY SCHECKTER of South Africa, averaging 111 24 mph in his Ferrari won the Belgian Grand Prix by 15 36 seconds over Jacques Lafitte of France driving a Ligier

SOCCER—NASL A Tampa Stadium crowd of 40 701 got its wish as the Rowdies beat the archrival Cosmos 3–2 in a rematch of the 1978 Soccer Bowl The victory was the first for Tampa Bay over the Cosmos in five games since 1977, and the loss was the first for the Cosmos in eight games this year Yugoslavian Midfielder Peter Baralic scored two goals for Tampa Bay and assisted on the other Giorgio Chinaglia, the NASL's leading scorer with nine goals (*page 76*), had tied the score at 2–2 with his second goal of the game, but Baralic booted in the winner with just under 22 minutes left Earlier in the week the Cosmos won 3–0 over Houston San Jose lost two more games, 3–0 to Detroit and 2–1 to Seattle, giving the Earthquakes seven defeats in seven games by a total of only nine goals

ASL The New Jersey Americans and New York Eagles both won for the first time this season The Americans beat the Indianapolis Daredevils 1–0 on a goal by Cliff Simmons, who had been signed only a few days before Sal Scalici's header gave the Eagles their 1–0 victory over Las Vegas The Columbus Magic won two games to pull within three points of the Eastern Division-leading New York Apollo The Magic defeated Pennsylvania 1–0 and Cleveland 2–1, and the Apollo lost its second game, 2–1 to the Daredevils

TENNIS—TRACY AUSTIN defeated Sylvia Hanika of West Germany 6–4, 1–6 6–3 to win the $100 000 women's Italian Open in Rome In the semifinals Austin broke Chris Evert Lloyd's six-year 125-match clay-court winning streak with a 6–4 2–6, 7–6 victory

TRACK & FIELD—RUDY CHAPA of the University of Oregon set an American record in the 3 000-meter run at a meet in Eugene, Ore His time of 7 37 7 bettered by five seconds the mark set by the late Steve Prefontaine in 1974

EVELYN ASHFORD of Los Angeles established an American women's record in the 100-meter dash, in Kingston, Jamaica Her time of 11 07 was .01 of a second faster than the mark set by Tennessee State's Wyomia Tyus in 1968 and Brenda Morehead in 1976

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED By EARVIN JOHNSON 19 that he would pass up his last two years of eligibility at Michigan State to make himself available in the June 25 NBA draft The 6' 8" sophomore who led the Spartans to the NCAA basketball championship this year, is expected to be selected by the Los Angeles Lakers, the first team to choose in the draft

HIRED As coach of the Denver Nuggets, DONNIE WALSH, 38 who served as interim coach after Larry Brown resigned Feb 1 Under Walsh, the Nuggets went 19–10 and made the playoffs

PLACED ON PROBATION By the NCAA Auburn University, for football and basketball recruiting violations The football team was banned from bowl and television appearances through 1980, and the basketball team was barred from postseason play and TV games during the 1979–80 season

RETIRED Quarterback FRAN TARKENTON 39 holder of every major NFL career passing record after 18 seasons with the Minnesota Vikings (1961–66, 1972–78) and New York Giants (1967–71) Tarkenton set the marks for most passes (6 467), most completions (3 686) most yards passing (47 003) most touchdown passes (342) and most yards rushing by a quarterback (3 669), while leading the Vikings to NFC titles in '74 '75 and '77 and six consecutive Central Division championships (1973–78) Tarkenton will become a broadcaster for ABC and WXIA-TV in Atlanta

Running Back PETE BANASZAK, 34, after 13 seasons with the Oakland Raiders Banaszak the Raiders all-time leader in rushing touchdowns with 47, will become a scout for Oakland

SIGNED By the San Diego Clippers BILL WALTON, 26, to a seven-year contract for an estimated $6 million making him the highest paid player in the NBA Walton who led the Portland Trail Blazers to the NBA championship in 1977 sat out the 1978 79 season with a foot injury

DIED CLYDE KLUTTZ, 61 director of player development for the Baltimore Orioles of heart and kidney ailments, in Salisbury, N C Kluttz spent 42 years in professional baseball, nine of them as a catcher for six major league teams

CREDITS

20 21—Enrico Ferorelli (bottom left bottom center) Thomas Rampy (4) **22**—Enrico Ferorelli **23**—Thomas Rampy **26**—Bill Eppridge **29**—Jerry Wachter (top) Lynn Pelham **30**—Ed Streeky **36,37**—Bill Eppridge **38**—Herb Schaitman **39,40**—Bill Eppridge **50**—Bob Straus Jr **56**—Tony Triolo **58**—Hugh Patrick Brown **70**—Tony Tomsic **76 77**—Enrico Ferorelli **78-80**—George Tiedemann **82**—illustration by Dennis Luzak from AP photo **99**—Lee Pillsbury James Higgins

FACES IN THE CROWD



VINCE DRADDY
CRESTWOOD, N Y

Draddy, a senior at Iona Prep, was named the Penn Relays' top high-schooler for winning the prep mile run and anchoring two victorious relay teams He has had the second-fastest schoolboy times in the mile and two-mile this year



LINDA SHELLEY
SANTA CLARA, CALIF

Shelley, a 22-year-old member of the Santa Clara Aquamaids was given the highest score in compulsory figures (53 240) in the 33-year history of AAU synchronized swimming, at the indoor nationals in Columbus, Ohio



JOE BARRY
BRENHAM, TEXAS

Barry, 32 scored five goals to lead USA-Texas to an 8–7 sudden-death victory over Coronel Suarez of Argentina in the World Championship of Polo in West Palm Beach, Fla The win was the first in 43 years by an American team over Argentina



ROGER COLE
MILAN, MICH

Roger, a Milan High senior, pitched three no-hitters in a row and then a two-hitter in his first four starts In 29 innings, he has an ERA of 0 32 and has struck out 58 batters Last season the right-hander was only 1–4 for the Big Reds



LEANNE BARRETTE
FRESNO, CALIF

Leanne, 11, set a National Youth Bowling Association age-group record with games of 232, 215, 190 and 257 for an 894 series, surpassing the previous mark by six pins She bowls regularly in three leagues, and carries averages of 167, 177 and 180



DONALD NEWBURY
DALLAS, TEXAS

Newbury, 60 is the oldest active lacrosse goalie—and possibly the oldest lacrosse player—in the country A defenseman for Penn State 40 years ago, Newbury was in the nets in five games during the Dallas Lacrosse Club's 9–4 season

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FATTI MASCHII, PAROLE FEMINE

Sir

What a spectacular issue (May 7) for sports fans from the state of Maryland! You gave us articles on Spectacular Bid, now the Kentucky Derby winner, our spectacular Orioles, perched atop the American League East; the University of Maryland's spectacular hurdler and baton-carrier, Renaldo Nehemiah; and the spectacular Bullets (forget the "Washington" misnomer; the address of the Bullets reads Landover, Md.)

Your only sin was the omission of the showdown in lacrosse between the No. 1 and No. 2 teams in the nation. On April 28 Johns Hopkins edged Maryland 13 to 12 to remain undefeated and retain its top ranking.

JANICE C. GREENBERG
Pikesville, Md.

NAWKISN

Sir:

Because the NBA playoff series between the defending champion Washington Bullets and the dynamic young Atlanta Hawks was one of the most electrifying sporting events in recent memory, my friends and I were confident that SI would feature the story. Sure enough, our May 7 issues arrived bearing a photograph of Elvin Hayes *et al.* on the cover and Curry Kirkpatrick's account of the action (*Alive, but Just Barely*). Kirkpatrick captured the mood and meaning of this compelling competition.

As proud, albeit undernourished, supporters of Atlanta sports, we applaud both teams and suggest that if the NBA had more coaches like Hubie Brown and more teams like the Hawks—*i.e.*, teams with pro-level skills but collegiate enthusiasm—it could then shed any images of bored players dogging their way through boring games.

DOUG WILLIAMS
Greenville, S.C.

Sir:

I know it's not saying much in view of our past sports records, but I've never been more proud to be an Atlanta fan. Thanks for the great coverage of a memorable matchup.

WALTON H. REEVES
Chapel Hill, N.C.

LORD BYRON

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's article on Byron Nelson was fantastic (*Good Lord of Golf*, May 7). I don't know how she gained so much insight into the game, but as a golf writer she deserves to be ranked up there with Bernard Darwin and Herbert Warren Wind.

TIMOTHY MOORE
Rockford, Mich.

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's article is the finest golf writing I've read in 50 years.

HARVEY EFRUS
Fort Lee, N.J.

Sir:

I wrote a lot of golf articles, mostly on style analysis, back in the '20s and '30s, and more recently (November and December 1975). I have had articles published in *PGA Magazine* (formerly *Professional Golfer*). What interested me most about Sarah Pileggi's superb article was the remark that Byron Nelson had huge hands. Large hands usually go with large feet, and both of these are tremendous assets for a golfer. The other famous golfer who had huge hands was Harry Vardon. He won six British Opens and one U.S. Open and was also the greatest golfer of his day.

Incidentally, Nelson was the first topflight golfer I ever saw who, instead of playing onto a braced left leg, as was the fashion in those days, bent his left leg toward the hole at impact, which is now the technique almost universally used by the majority of the leading professional golfers.

BROWNLOW WILSON
Monument, Colo.

Sir:

Except for Vardon and Hagen, I have had the good fortune to see in action all of the great professional players who are charter members of the World Golf Hall of Fame. I have marveled at the performances of Sarazen, Snead, Hogan, Palmer, Player and Nicklaus over many years. Yet the man who stands out in my memory, just a little ahead of all the others, is Byron Nelson.

It is unfortunate that Nelson's retirement in 1946, before the era of televised golf, prevented the millions of present-day players and fans from seeing him display his skills. To those of us who were privileged to see him at his peak, his ability can only be described as awesome.

Golf has always been fortunate to have men of caliber as its champions. None of golf's greats has ever combined skill and sportsmanship to a higher degree than Byron Nelson.

BEN SAMUELSON
Fresno, Calif.

BIG GUYS

Sir:

Three cheers for Mac Wilkins and Al Feuerbach for initiating what I hope will be an annual event for weight throwers (*A Biggie of a Meet at Mac and Al's*, May 7). These two have proved that they are giants not only in stature but also in heart and guts. They have done much for their events. As a former college discus thrower, I sincerely appreciate the fine job SI did in covering this meet.

MIKE SIMPSON
Cincinnati

NICKNAMES

Sir:

Eliminate team nicknames that reflect on American Indians (SCORECARD, May 7)? Why stop with Indian names? How about other ethnic groups such as the Vikings, Trojans, Spartans and, most blasphemous of all, the Fighting Irish? Here in Oregon we are civilized enough to use some rather innocuous nicknames. We have Ducks, Beavers, Blazers and Timbers. We also have perhaps the greatest nickname of all: the Portland State University football team of Coach Darrel (Mouse) Davis is affectionately called the Fighting Mice.

MARK C. PADGETT
Beaverton, Ore.

Sir:

Aren't we carrying this "ethnic slur" controversy to ridiculous lengths? If Indian designations for team nicknames are derogatory, will we next see clergymen protesting the Demon Deacons (Wake Forest) and the Battling Bishops (Ohio Wesleyan)? Or Louisianans of Acadian descent protesting the Ragin' Cajuns (Southwestern Louisiana)? The Religious Society of Friends protesting the Quakers (Penn)? Or Northern Irishmen protesting the Orangemen (Syracuse)? Personally, I find the Maryland *Terps* very offensive!

THOMAS STEPHEN TERPACK
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Come on! Athletic nicknames are chosen to symbolize things like bravery and desire, qualities we want in our athletic teams. Or else they are chosen because they are synonymous with a place, like Milwaukee Brewers or Baltimore Orioles. They are not chosen to demean people or ethnic groups. People who are looking for things to be offended by are going to find them, no matter what.

JOHN H. KISSINGER
Milwaukee

UPSETTING

Sir:

It seems the biggest beef of the car owners in their brouhaha with USAC (*A Way to Upset CART*, April 30) is the cost of racing. Exactly who was responsible for driving up that cost? Did USAC, or the Indianapolis Speedway, or Pocono, or Ontario put a gun to the heads of the owners and require exotic machines? Did someone threaten Penske, Patrick *et al.*, with mayhem if they didn't enter the "sport" of racing?

continued

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SI SB

Actually, auto racing at that level is a business. In other business endeavors, if the results can't justify the costs, you go out of business. I suggest that as the logical alternative to those who originally drove up the cost by using the expensive components to try to win the prize money that they now complain is too small.

LUMIR S. PALMA
Indianapolis

HE WAS THERE

Sir

I am writing in reference to Anita Verschoth's *Carnival Time* (April 30). The article was excellent but inaccurate in one segment, the description of the 1928 race at 175 yards in which Charlie Paddock opposed three Penn sprinters, Scull, Ball and Boyle. The author of the article may have used newspaper accounts of the race for research and in fairness to the writer, I should point out that the newspaper writers covering the event were focusing on Paddock and their reporting was probably slanted in that direction. Certainly a normal reaction.

Contrary to Verschoth's account, Paddock did not run in the lane next to the wall. On the outside, next to the wall, was Boyle, the Penn freshman. Paddock was well away from the wall, in the inside lane. Scull and Ball were between Boyle and Paddock. The young freshman, Boyle, unknown in college track, did have some fairly impressive credentials. As an Illinois schoolboy competing for Rockford High, Boyle was the national high school champ indoors in the high jump and a solid 9.8 sprinter. Lawson Robertson, the Penn coach, told Boyle before the race not to be too impressed by Paddock's reputation. "Just run your race and you'll beat him."

Paddock, always a showman, did his best before the race to enhance his reputation as a world-class sprinter, looking for a bit of wood to tap on for luck, and saying in an aside to Boyle, "Don't freeze, kid. Just run your race." Boyle, a very hungry young athlete, was determined to do just that. A very fast starter, the kid got out with the gun, opened up a firm five-yard lead, and the way he was running neither Paddock, Scull nor Ball was going to catch him.

Then it happened. Suddenly Boyle saw bodies and bricks spilling from a crumbling wall. Not knowing exactly what was happening, he slowed, then swerved to the inside, away from the bricks and bodies. Meanwhile, Paddock, Scull and Ball were out of danger. They simply continued running. Boyle lost his advantage but made up the 10 yards he had lost when confronted by the collapsing wall and finished second, closing to within two feet of the striding Paddock at the finish.

This is how it happened. I was there. I was the kid in the blue jersey and white trunks wearing for the first time a pair of varsity spikes. I've always thought that I would have won the race and never looked back, as they say at the racetrack, if only that wall had held out for a few seconds more!

LAMOINE E. BOYLE
Sudbury, Mass.

WHO'S THE GREATEST?

Sir

Congratulations to John Papanek on a fine article (*An Office Party to Remember*, April 23) on Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. For years now Kareem has taken criticism about the type of basketball he plays. Wilt Chamberlain has made many harsh remarks about Kareem, claiming that he doesn't play defense well enough to be considered a great center. During Kareem's 10 years of pro ball he has taken a tongue-lashing from just about everyone. It's time he was recognized as a great center. So next time anyone has anything to say about Kareem's style of play, put yourself in his shoes. He can't do it all. There are 10 men on the court, not one!

JOHN JOHNSON
San Bernardino, Calif.

Sir

There is no question about it, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is overrated. Here's a guy 7′2″ who averages only 14.8 rebounds a game. Wilt Chamberlain's career average of 22.9 made it look easy. Abdul-Jabbar seems to be afraid of big opposing players. Wilt weighed 275 pounds or more and he was more physical and didn't stand around watching other people control the boards. Wilt could do it all like no one before him or after him. He could play both ends and control a game. Bill Russell wasn't the greatest, Wilt was. Russell didn't have to worry about scoring points because he had the greatest coach and players to back him up. If Russell played on a team that needed offense he wouldn't have stood out as he did with the Celtics. If Kareem can't get more rebounds per game, his height is wasted because smaller players make him look bad.

RAY COLLINS
Providence

FOAL SLAUGHTER

Sir

I commend Kathy Blumenstock on her interesting and well-written article (*A Dam Site Better Than Bottles*, April 23), but I was horrified to read that probably half of our Kentucky nurse-mare farms knock the nurse mare's own foals in the head and sell them for pet food. What a deplorable thing to be happening in our beloved Bluegrass country! Surely all those unwanted foals could be supplied to a waiting list of horse lovers for $50 as Bill Taylor Jr. and Wilson Nicholls do at their nurse-mare farm.

GLEN E. VAN SLYKE
Louisville

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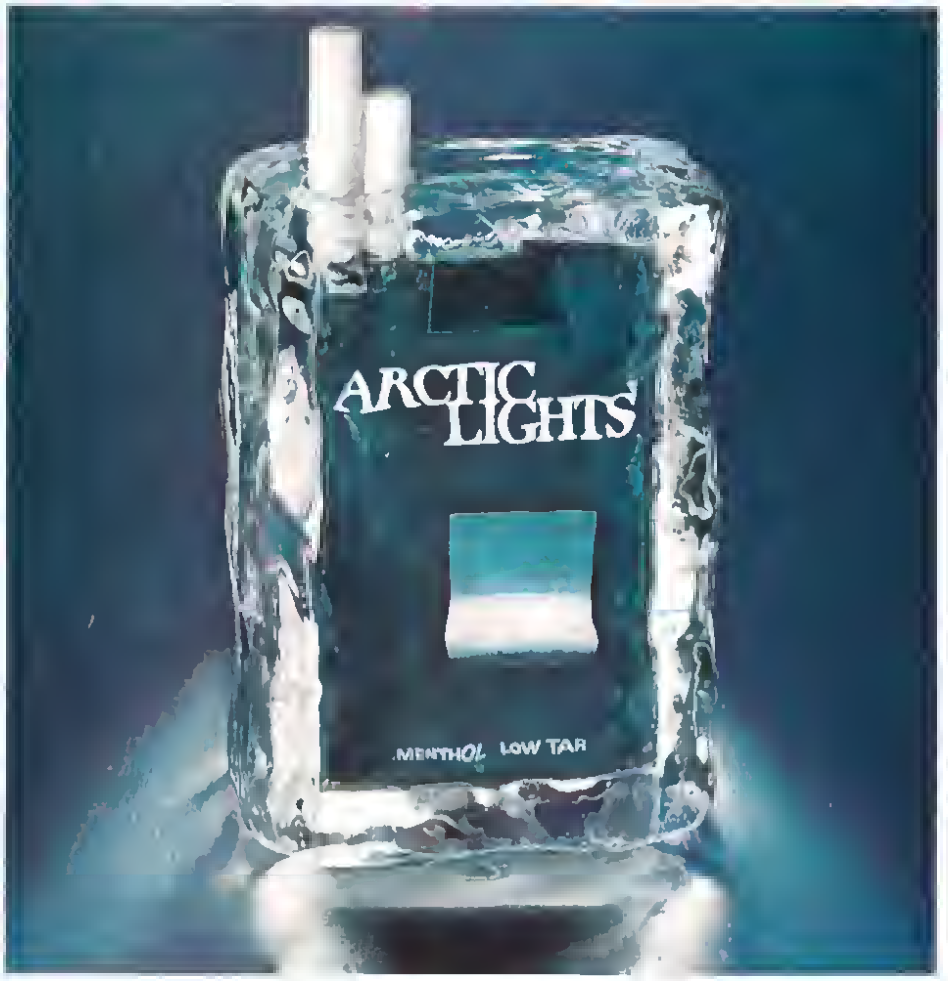
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